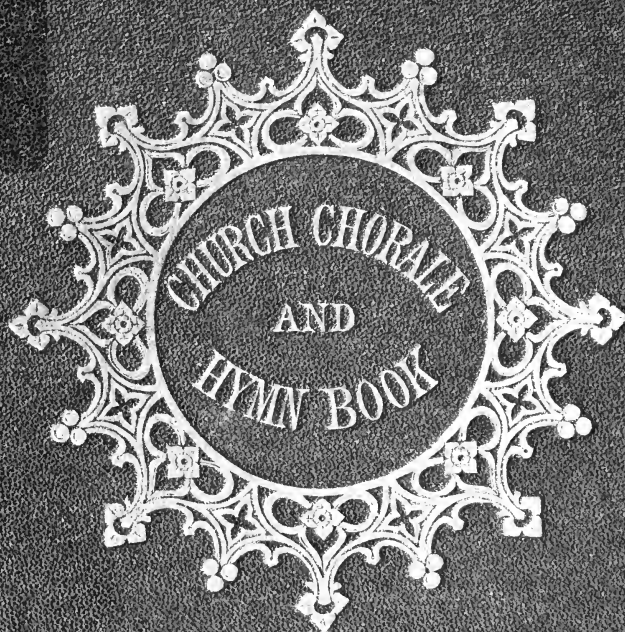


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*M. R. Sharp.*

THE  
CHURCH CHORALE  
/

AND

HYMN BOOK.

BY  
G. P.

*12701*

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR  
BY JOHN SHEPHERD, 98, NEWGATE STREET.  
1864.

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JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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So much has been done of late years for improving congregational psalmody, that there are now no less than two hundred hymnals in use; it requires therefore a brief explanation of the object the editor has had in view in adding another collection to the large number already existing. It has been generally acknowledged that the hymn-book should not be an independent service book, but rather a complement to the Book of Common Prayer. Hence in preparing this collection it has been the editor's chief desire to supply this desideratum.

The former part is appropriated to the Christian year, and contains hymns in which the leading points of the Collect, Gospel, and Epistle for each Sunday and Holy-Day throughout the year find a responsive echo. The latter part comprises hymns adapted to special occasions, in addition to those of a more general character, from which the clergyman may select such as are suited to the subject of his sermon.

Since the book is intended for public devotion, it seemed desirable that the hymns should be congregational rather than experimental, and with few exceptions nearly all the hymns will be found well adapted to the use of congregations in public worship. "A hymn is the collective voice of the whole congregation, speaking to God and singing His praise, or supplicating His grace,"\*—as a rule, therefore,

---

\* Dr Wordsworth.

## PREFACE.

the hymn sung in church should be of a congregational character, though, at the same time, it should consist of such sentiments and expressions as are applicable to every individual worshipper.

The majority of the hymns are of English origin and are in common use; the remainder owe their origin either more or less directly to the inspiration of other lands, and have either been taken from existing collections, or have been expressly translated for this work.

With regard to the tunes, great care has been taken in selecting such only as are peculiarly adapted for congregational use. They have been chosen from ancient and modern, English and foreign sources. All light and irreverent tunes, with unnecessary repetitions, have been rejected. There is a rich store of good and genuine Church music, and there is no reason whatever for making use of secular or operatic airs in the service of the House of God. Besides the many well-known standard tunes, several others have been introduced chiefly from the land of Luther. Some of these are here printed for the first time; others, which unhappily in many recent collections have been slightly altered or mutilated, are here presented not only in their original integrity, but also in that form in which they are generally known.

The editor's grateful thanks are due to Messrs Longman, Green, & Co. for permission to insert Nos. 21, 33, 177, 211, 213, 293, from Miss Winkworth's excellent work "*Lyra Germanica*;" to the Rev. A. T. Russell for his generous permission to make extracts from his collection of "*Psalms and Hymns*;" to the author of "*Hymns from the Land of Luther*" for the use of several hymns; to H. L. L., F. C. C., and E. T. L. for their friendly assistance in translating several hymns\* expressly for this work; to the late Bp. of Ely for several of his original

---

\* The hymns translated by H. L. L., F. C. C., and E. T. L., are the copyright of the translators.

## PREFACE.

compositions; to the Rev. W. H. Havergal for the use of his excellent collection of "Old Psalmody;" to Dr Maurice for permission to insert several tunes from his valuable work "Choral Harmony;" to the Rev. C. Kemble for leave to print No. 108 from his "Church Psalmody;" to Mr A. R. Reinagle of Oxford for the use of his tunes "St Peter" and "Wigmore;" and to all others who so kindly and liberally have assisted him in preparing this collection.

Should any hymns or tunes have been inserted which are copyright, the editor trusts that, since he has made every effort to avoid the infringement of private rights, the owners will be generous enough to pardon the oversight.

Though the editor is fully conscious that this collection is far from perfect, he yet ventures to hope that it may be an aid to encourage and improve congregational singing, and thus, by the blessing of God, become a means of promoting His glory.

*West Ham, June, 1864.*

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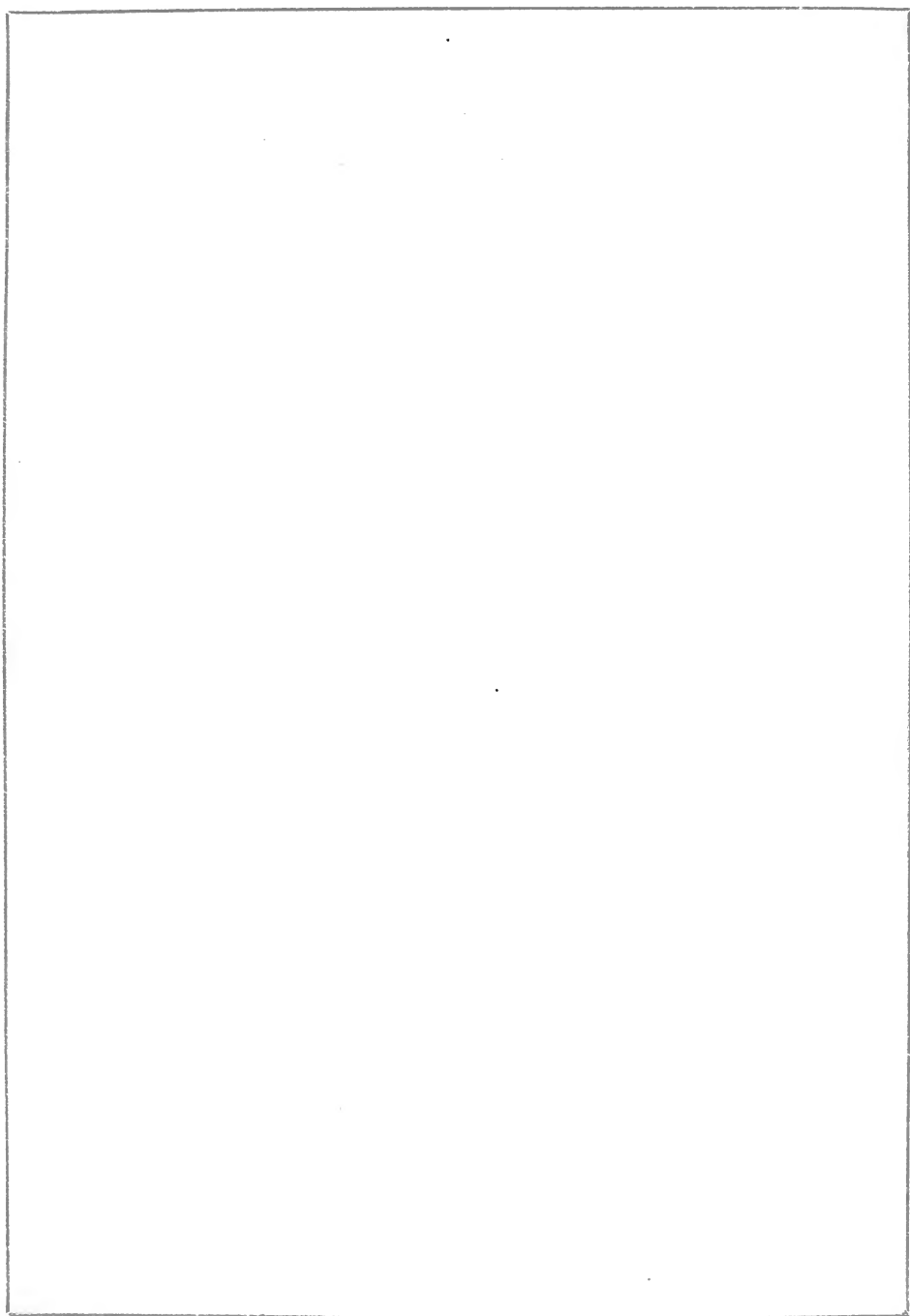
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FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

St. George's.

I.

C. 1561.



- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! The Saviour comés !  
The Saviour promised long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held :  
The gates of brass before Him break,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the riches of His grace  
To bless the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad Hosannahs, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name !

*P. Doddridge (1755).*

# FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Zittau.

2.

C. 1668.



1 COME, O Lord, our sacrifice,  
Thou the hope of every nation;  
Of the world the ransom price,  
Thou desired of all creation:  
Enter now our gates, O Lord,  
Of our prayers the blest reward.

2 Enter, Lord, possess our heart,  
Lord most great, Thou King of Glory;  
Come, nor e'er from us depart:  
Mean and poor we come before Thee;  
Still we shall with glory shine,  
If Thou com'st to us as Thine.

3 Praise to David's Son we sing:  
May He reign for ever bless'd:  
May we, through our gracious King,  
Be of endless joy possess'd;  
That we may eternally  
Our Hosanna raise on high.

A. T. Russell (1848).

# FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Veni Redemptor.

3.

*Original.*—"Komm' Heidenheiland."

From the Lat. Church, IV. cent.



- 1 COME, Ransom of our captive race,  
Come, glorious Sun, unveil Thy face,  
And let Thy splendour earthward flow,  
That God may dwell with man below.
- 2 Thou comest from Thy kingly throne,  
Thou God, to be a virgin's Son !  
Thou comest in Thy wondrous might  
To be our champion in the fight.
- 3 O mighty Prince, our helper be,  
From sin's dominion set us free,  
That so our weary hearts may cling  
To Thee with love unwavering.
- 4 Forth from Thy manger streams a light,  
That through the darkness of the night  
Shall gleam and burn with heavenly ray,  
Till lost at last in endless day.

*J. Franck (1677). After St. Ambrose. Transl. by F. C. G.*

## FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

### 4.

- 1 Hosanna to the living Lord !  
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing !
- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;  
Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply ;  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 Oh, Saviour ! with protecting care,  
Return to this Thy house of prayer !  
Assembled in Thy sacred name,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim !
- 4 But, chieftest, in our cleansed breast,  
Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest,  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee !
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

*Bp. Heber (1827).*

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Abbey.

5.

Andre Hart's Psalter (1615).



- 1 FATHER of Mercies, in Thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be Thy Name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise  
To cheer the fainting mind;  
And longing souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be  
Our ever dear delight!  
And still new beauties may we see,  
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near;  
Teach us to love Thy sacred Word,  
And view a Saviour there!

*A. Steele (1780).*

# SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Cassel.

6.

Moravian.



1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain,  
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of His train!  
Hallelujah!  
God appears, on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
They who set at nought, and sold Him,  
Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear!  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air.  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear!

4 Yea! Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine exalted throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own!  
O come quickly!  
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

*Variation by M. Madan (1760).  
From C. Wesley and J. Cennick.*

# SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Solihull.

7.

*Original.*—"Auf, auf, ihr Reichsgenossen."

Krüger (1640).



1 ARISE, ye heirs of glory,  
For see, your King is here;  
Arise, and let your welcome  
Resound afar and near.  
O Christians, come ye forth,  
And, all things else forsaken,  
His praises loud awaken  
With holy joy and mirth.

2 Arise, ye weary-hearted,  
And dry your weeping eyes;  
O see, with night departing,  
The Morning-star arise.  
The Lord of hosts is near  
With loving care to lead you,  
With comfort strong to feed you,  
Then faint ye not, nor fear.

3 Yea, Lord, Thou givest richly,  
Though we be poor and weak,  
Thy love and tender pity  
Our sinful souls to seek.  
Then, Lord, to Thee we bring  
Our thanks and praises lowly;  
And to Thy name most holy  
Our loud hosannas sing.

*Joh. Rist (1607—1667). Transl. by F. C. C.*



SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Veni Creator.

8.

From the time of Charlemagne,  
altered 1525.



- 1 JESUS, Thy Church with longing eyes  
For Thy expected coming waits;  
When will the promised light arise,  
And glory beam from Zion's gates?
- 2 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,  
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress;  
Man's rooted enmity subdue,  
And crown Thy gospel with success.
- 3 O come and reign o'er every land,  
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,  
All nations bow to Thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world.
- 4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer  
To wait for the appointed hour;  
And fit us by Thy grace to share  
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

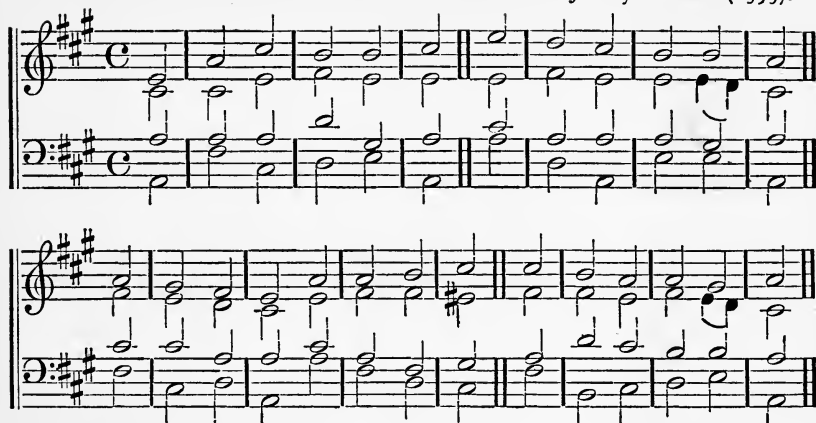
*W. Bathurst (1831).*

# THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

St Michael.

9.

J. Day's Psalter (1595).



- 1 How beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How welcome is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!  
Zion, behold thy Saviour King!—  
He reigns and triumphs there.
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

*Is. Watts (1709):*

# THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Silesius.

10.

? J. Chr. Bach (1643—1703).



1 Lo, He comes, let all adore Him !  
 'Tis the God of grace and truth !  
 Go ! prepare the way before Him,  
 Make the rugged places smooth !  
 Lo, He comes, the mighty Lord !  
 Great His work and His reward.

2 Let the valleys all be raisèd ;  
 Go and make the crooked straight ;  
 Let the mountains be abasèd,  
 Let all nature change its state ;  
 Through the desert make a road,  
 Make a highway for our God.

3 Through the desert God is going,  
 Through the desert waste and wild,  
 Where no goodly plant is growing,  
 Where no verdure ever smiled ;  
 But the desert shall be glad,  
 And with verdure soon be clad.

4 From the hills and lofty mountains  
 Rivers shall be seen to flow ;  
 There the Lord will open fountains,  
 Thence supply the plains below :  
 As He passes, every land  
 Shall confess His powerful hand.

Th. Kelly (1809).

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Fairfield.

II.

P. La Trobe (1852).



### THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

- 1    THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
      Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy or guilty dread,  
      We all shall soon appear ;  
      Our caution'd souls prepare  
      For that tremendous Day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
      And stir us up to pray :
- 2    To pray and wait the hour,  
      That awful hour unknown,  
When, robed in majesty and power,  
      Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
      Th' immortal Son of Man,  
      To judge the human race,  
With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
      With all thy glorious grace !
- 3    Oh may we thus be found  
      Obedient to His word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
      And looking for our Lord !  
      Oh may we thus insure  
      Our lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment, to secure  
      An everlasting rest.

*Ch. Wesley (1749).*

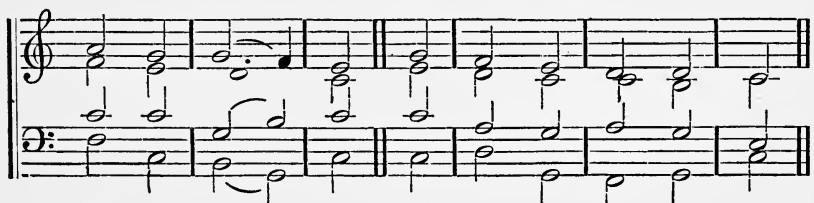
THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

St Theodulph.

12.

*Original.*—"Ermuntert euch, ihr."

M. Teschner, c. 1600.



### THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

- 1 REJOICE, all ye believers,  
And let your lights appear ;  
The evening is advancing,  
And darker night is near.  
Up, pray and watch and wrestle,  
At midnight comes the cry  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon He draweth nigh.
  
- 2 See that your lamps are burning,  
Replenish them with oil,  
And wait for your salvation,  
The end of earthly toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;  
Go, meet Him as He cometh,  
With hallelujahs clear !
  
- 3 Ye saints, who here in patience  
Your cross and sufferings bore,  
Shall live and reign for ever,  
When sorrow is no more.  
Around the throne of glory  
The Lamb ye shall behold ;  
In triumph cast before Him  
Your diadems of gold.
  
- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear ;  
Arise, thou Sun, so long'd for,  
O'er this benighted sphere !  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption  
That brings us unto Thee.

*Laurentii (1722).*

*Translation taken from "Hymns from the Land of Luther."*

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Baden.

13.

*Original.*—"Hosianna, David's Sohn."

1715.



1 HAIL, Hosanna! David's Son  
Brings to Zion free salvation:  
Oh prepare for Him a throne,  
Blend your songs in adoration:  
Strew the palms, your hearts prepare,  
That your King may enter there.

2 Hail, Hosanna! Prince of Peace,  
Long desired by every nation!  
To our souls Thou bring'st release,  
Thou the sinner's consolation!  
Thee, O Lord, our hearts confess,  
Come, O Lord, our righteousness.

3 Lord! Hosannas while we sing,  
Help us worthily to praise Thee;  
Daily grateful thanks to bring,  
In our hearts a throne to raise Thee;  
Who Thy yoke obedient bear,  
They alone Thy triumph share.

*B. Schmolck (1737).*



FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

14.

1 SING Hosanna ! Bless His name  
Who with peace to earth appeareth :  
Him with heavenly hosts proclaim,  
See, His light our darkness cheereth :  
Jesus, our Immanuel sing,  
Hail our meek, our lowly King.

2 Sing Hosanna, sing, rejoice,  
None His gracious heart disdaineth ;  
Let the children raise their voice,  
In the childlike heart He reigneth.  
Who would enter with their King,  
Must an humble spirit bring.

3 Sing Hosanna ! He is near,  
Who our ancient foes subdueth ;  
Hence away, distrust and fear,  
Jesus all our hopes reneweth.  
He in death o'er death shall reign,  
Death He shall for us sustain.

4 Sing Hosanna ! Him attend ;  
Go, the cross with Jesus bearing :  
He must to the grave descend,  
Rest for us in death preparing.  
So shall we with Jesus rise,  
So with Him ascend the skies.

5 Sing Hosanna ! Soon again  
He to every eye appeareth :  
Who His terrors shall sustain ?  
But His own His coming cheereth.  
Then again Hosanna sing,  
Ye whose hearts adore your King.

*A. T. Russell (1851).*

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Gotha.

15.

H. R. H. The Prince Consort (1858).



- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set Thy people free,  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in Thee !
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints Thou art !  
Dear desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart !
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver ;  
Born a child and yet a King ;  
Born to reign in us for ever ;  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring !
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our hearts alone !  
By Thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne !

*M. Madan (1760).*

# FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Calw.

16.



- 1 JESUS, Saviour, once again  
Thou wilt come and wilt remain ;  
Where Thou art Thy saints shall be :  
Blessed Lord, I long for Thee.
- 2 Let me near Thee now abide,  
Let Thy Spirit be my guide :  
Saviour, wilt Thou dwell with me ?  
Blessed Lord, I long for Thee.
- 3 Wilt Thou, Lord, direct my way,  
Mark my pathway day by day ?  
Let my sigh for ever be,  
Blessed Lord, I long for Thee.
- 4 Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine,  
Be my heart Thy chosen shrine !  
Oh, reflect Thyself in me !  
Blessed Lord, I long for Thee.
- 5 Jesus, Thou my chief delight,  
Oh, dispel my spirit's night ;  
Thou my life, my glory be :  
Blessed Lord, I long for Thee.

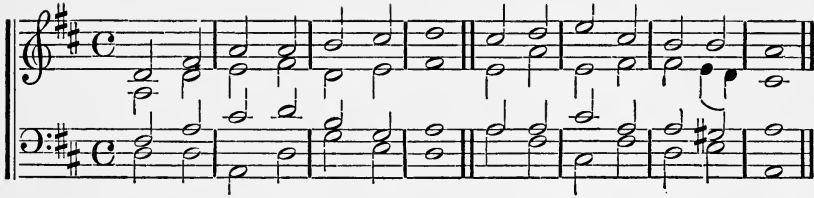
*Translated from the German, by G. Dunn (1857).*

# CHRISTMAS.

Lübeck.

17.

From Störl's Chorale Book (1744).



1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies!  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in *Bethlehem*."

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb!

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man t' appear,  
Jesus our Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.

6 Mild He lays His glory by;  
Born that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth;  
Born to give them second birth.

*P. Doddridge (1755).*

## CHRISTMAS.

18.

*Original.*—"Gott sei Dank in aller Welt."

- 1 ALL the world give praises due ;  
God is faithful, God is true ;  
He to man doth comfort send  
In His Son, the sinner's friend.
- 2 What the fathers wish'd of old,  
What the promises foretold,  
What the seers did prophesy,  
Is fulfill'd most gloriously.
- 3 My salvation, welcome be,  
Thou my portion, praise to Thee ;  
Come and make Thy blest abode  
In my heart, O Son of God.
- 4 Grant Thy comforts to my mind,  
Since I'm helpless, poor, and blind ;  
Oh, may I in faith abide  
Thine, and never turn aside.
- 5 Jesus, when in majesty  
Thou shalt come my judge to be,  
Grant in grace that I may stand  
Justified at Thy right hand.

*H. Held (1643).*

## CHRISTMAS.

Winchester.

19.

Allison's Psalter (1599).



- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join th' angelic throng,  
For angels no such love have known  
To wake their cheerful song.
- 2 Good will to sinful men is shown,  
And peace on earth is given ;  
For lo th' incarnate Saviour comes  
With messages from Heaven.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn ;  
Let heaven and earth in concert join,  
Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains  
In highest worlds be paid ;  
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd.

## CHRISTMAS.

20.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,—  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born, of David's line,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign :—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, who thus  
Address'd their joyful song :—

6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace ;  
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men  
Begin and never cease."

*N. Tate (1696).*

## CHRISTMAS.

Erfurt.

21.

*Original.*—"Vom Himmel hoch, da komm."

Luther (1543).



- 1 FROM heaven above to earth I come  
To bear good news to every home;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
Whereof I now will say and sing.
- 2 To you this night is born a child  
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;  
This little child, of lowly birth,  
Shall be the joy of all your earth.
- 3 'Tis Christ our God, who far on high  
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;  
Himself will your Salvation be,  
Himself from sin will make you free.
- 4 Glory to God in highest heaven,  
Who unto man His Son hath given!  
While angels sing with pious mirth  
A glad new year to all the earth.

Luther (+1546).

*Taken from "Lyra Germanica."*



CHRISTMAS.

22.

*Original.*—"Dies ist der Tag."

- 1 "THIS is the day the Lord hath made,"  
O'er all the earth let this be said.  
Praise Him for all the mercies given  
Through Jesus Christ in earth and heaven.
- 2 The nations long'd, through ages past,—  
The time appointed came at last;  
Then the great Father sent the Son,  
Immanuel, the Holy One.
- 3 Oh! when this miracle of grace  
I seek to ponder, deep amaze  
Comes o'er me, and I only see  
How passing thought its marvels be!
- 4 Rejoice, ye heavens; be glad, O earth,  
On this blest day of Jesu's birth!  
Above, below, let all combine  
In the new song of love divine!

*Ch. Gellert* (+1769).

*Transl. by H. L. L.*

# CHRISTMAS.

Goudimel.

23.

Goudimel (+ 1572).



1 HARK, a glad voice the sinner cheers,  
Prepare the way, the Lord appears!  
The Son of God, lost man to save  
From sin, the triumph of the grave.  
Glad Hallelujahs let us sing  
To Christ, our Saviour and our King.

2 The Lord of life, who form'd the skies,  
Now humbly in a manger lies;  
Stoops down from heaven with man to  
Is God with us, Emmanuel. [dwell;  
Glad Hallelujahs let us sing  
To Christ, our Saviour and our King.

3 Hail, happy morn, thrice happy we  
From Satan's bondage thus set free:  
From Jesse's line now springs the ray,  
Which turns our night to endless day!  
Glad Hallelujahs let us sing  
To Christ, our Saviour and our King.

# CHRISTMAS.

Homburg.

24.

*Original.*—"Freue dich du Kinderorden."

*Modern.*



1 LITTLE children, God above,  
In His tenderness and love,  
Has become a child like you.  
See Him in a manger sleeping,  
Weeping in this world of weeping  
For the evil that you do.

2 He hath left the world of light,  
He hath left the angels bright,  
Seeking you, a child, He came.  
Seek Him, children, in your sadness,  
He will give you peace and gladness,  
Sing Hosannahs to His name.

3 From this evil world I flee,  
Gracious Lord, I seek but Thee :  
Thou dost love a little child.  
Holy Jesus, let my spirit  
Everlasting life inherit ;  
Keep me safe and undefiled.

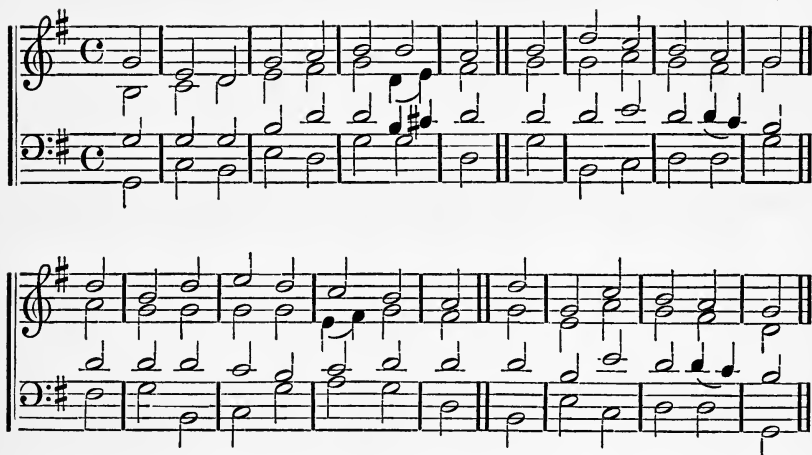
*Translation taken from "Songs of Eternal Life," by E. F. B.*

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Bethlehem.

25.

J. Crüger (1658).



- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come,  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
Let all creation sing.
- 2 Ye saints, rejoice, the Saviour reigns !  
In praise your tongues employ ;  
Floods, clap your hands, exult, ye plains,  
And shout, ye hills, for joy.
- 3 Behold, He comes, He comes to bless  
The nations as their God,  
To show the world His righteousness,  
And send His truth abroad.

*Is. Watts (1707).*

# SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Old Latin.

26.

*Original.*—"Wir singen Dir, Immanuel."

Old Latin.  
In majestatis solio.



- 1 WE sing to Thee, Immanuel !  
Thou Prince of life, Thou fount of love,  
Thou Morning Star, that shin'st above,  
Thou Virgin's son, yet Lord of lords.
- 2 In the assembly of Thy saints  
Praise, honour, thanks to Thee we bring,  
That Thou, our long-expected King,  
Hast come to earth our guest to be.
- 3 Thou art our Head, and we henceforth  
The members Thou hast made Thine own ;  
O send Thy Holy Spirit down,  
That we may serve Thee evermore.
- 4 Thy hallelujahs here we'll sing  
With joyful hearts, nor ever rest  
Till through the mansions of the blest  
Thy endless praise around shall ring.

*Paul Gerhardt (+ 1676).*

*Transl. by F. C. G.*

# CIRCUMCISION.

Lyons.

27.

Goudimel (1565).



- 1 SEE, my soul, God ever blest,  
In the flesh made manifest ;  
Human nature He assumes,  
He to ransom sinners comes.
- 2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,  
Standing in the sinner's place :  
From the manger to the cross  
All He did He did for us.
- 3 All our woes He did retrieve,  
He expired that we might live ;  
By His stripes our wounds are heal'd,  
By His blood our pardon seal'd.
- 4 Lord, conform us to Thy death,  
Raise us to new life by faith ;  
Through Thy resurrection's power  
May we praise Thee evermore.
- 5 Circumcise our sinful hearts,  
Purify our inward parts ;  
Lord, destroy the carnal mind,  
That in Thee we peace may find.

# CIRCUMCISION.

Ramler.

28.

*Original.*—"Felix dies."

Schicht (+1823)



- 1 O BLESSED day, when first was pour'd  
The blood of our redeeming Lord !  
O blessed day, when first began  
His sufferings for sinful man.
- 2 From heaven descending to fulfil  
The mandate of His Father's will ;  
E'en now behold the Victim lie,  
The Lamb of God, ere long to die.
- 3 The law's great Maker for our aid  
Obedient to the law is made :  
Henceforth a holier law prevails,  
The law of love, which never fails.
- 4 Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,  
And take what is not Thine away ;  
Write Thine own name upon our hearts,  
Thy law upon our inmost parts.

## NEW YEAR.

Battishill.

29.

Battishill.



- 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Father and Redeemer, hear !
- 2 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay !  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.
- 3 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own ;  
Help, O help us to endure !  
Fit us for the promised crown :
- 4 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

*H. Downton (1851).*



NEW YEAR.

30.

- 1 BLESS, O Lord, the opening year  
To each soul assembled here !  
Clothe the word with power divine,  
Make us willing to be Thine !
- 2 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep,  
Teach the stony heart to weep !  
Let the blind have eyes to see,  
See themselves and look on Thee !
- 3 Let the minds of all our youth  
Feel the force of sacred truth !  
While the Gospel call we hear,  
May they learn to love and fear !
- 4 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,  
Give new strength the race to run !  
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,  
Wipe away the mourner's tears !
- 5 Bless us all, both old and young !  
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue !  
Let the whole assembly prove  
All Thy power and all Thy love !

*J. Newton (1779).*

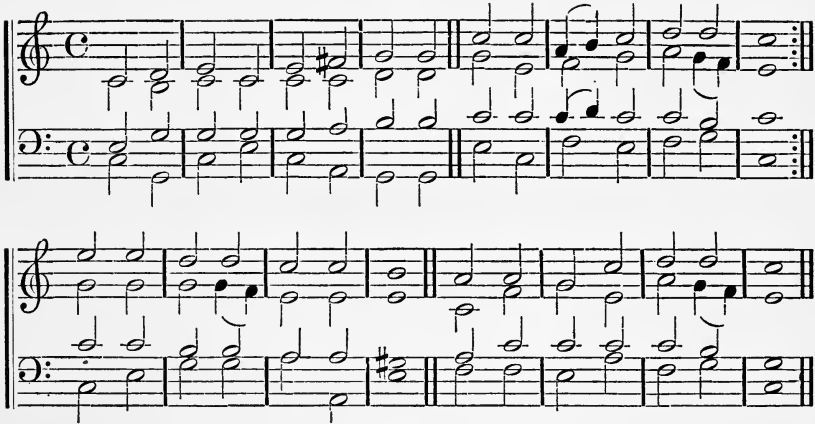
# NEW YEAR.

Magdeburg.

31.

*Original.*—"Hilf, Herr Jesu."

J. Neander (+1680).



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 <b>HELP</b>, Lord Jesus, let Thy blessing<br/>Rest upon this opening year;<br/>May we now, new strength possessing,<br/>Walk in love and holy fear.<br/>Blessed Jesu, speed our way,<br/>Strength bestow from day to day.</p> <p>2 Lord, Thy blessing now receiving,<br/>May this be a hallow'd year;<br/>Firmly on Thy word believing,<br/>May our service be sincere,<br/>That on earth we may become<br/>Fitter for our heavenly home.</p> | <p>3 In our hearts one purpose keeping,<br/>May we live alone to Thee;<br/>In our waking and our sleeping,<br/>Jesus, Thou our portion be.<br/>Going out be Thou our guide,<br/>In our home with us abide.</p> <p>4 Jesus, Thou our footsteps guiding,<br/>May we never stray from Thee;<br/>Jesus, near us still abiding,<br/>Thou our constant guardian be.<br/>Jesus, Thou our thoughts inspire;<br/>Jesus, be our heart's desire.</p> |
|--|---|
- 5 Saviour, when this year is closing,  
Mark'd by mercies large and free,  
May we, in Thy love reposing,  
Leave the future all with Thee;  
Gladly in Thy courts appear,  
Gladly wait Thy summons there.

*Joh. Rist (+1667).*

*Transl. by C. Dunn (1857).*

NEW YEAR.

Marston.

32.



- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported still we stand :  
The opening year Thy mercy shows,  
That mercy crowns it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God ;  
By His incessant bounty fed,  
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own,  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to Thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues ;  
Our helper God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

*P. Doddridge (1755).*

# EPIPHANY.

Behemb.

33.

*Original.*—"O König aller Ehren."

C. 1540.



## EPIPHANY.

- 1 O KING of glory, David's Son !  
Our Sovereign and our Friend !  
In heaven for ever stands Thy throne,  
Thy kingdom hath no end :  
Oh, now to all men, far and near,  
Lord, make it known, we pray,  
That as in heaven all creatures here  
May know Thee and obey.
- 2 The Eastern sages gladly bring  
Their tribute-gifts to Thee,  
They witness that Thou art their King,  
And humbly bow the knee.  
To Thee the Morning Star doth lead,  
To Thee th' inspirèd Word ;  
We hail Thee, Saviour in our need,  
We worship Thee, the Lord.
- 3 Oh, look on me with pitying grace,  
Though I am weak and poor ;  
Within Thy kingdom grant me place  
To dwell there blest and sure.  
Oh, rescue me from all my woes,  
And shield me with Thine arm  
From sin and death, the mighty foes  
That daily seek our harm.
- 4 And bid Thy Word, the fairest Star,  
Within us clearly shine ;  
Keep sin and all false doctrine far,  
Since Thou hast claim'd us Thine.  
Let us Thy name aright confess,  
And with Thy Christendom,  
Our King and Saviour own and bless  
Through all the world to come.

*Martin Behemb* (+1622).

*Transl. taken from "Lyra Germanica" (by permission).*

# EPIPHANY.

Easton.

34.

Adapted from Goudimel (1565).



1

Jesu, behold, the Wise from far,  
 Led to Thy cradle by a star,  
 Bring gifts to Thee, their God and King:  
 O guide us by Thy light, that we  
 The way may find, and still to Thee  
 Our hearts, our all, our tribute bring!

2

Jesu, who by Thine own love slain,  
 By Thine own power took'st life again,  
 And conqueror from the grave didst rise!  
 Oh, may Thy death our souls revive,  
 And even on earth a new life give,  
 A glorious life, that never dies.

3

Jesu, who to Thy heaven again  
 Return'dst in triumph, there to reign,  
 Of men and angels sovereign King!  
 O may our parting souls take flight  
 Up to that land of joy and light,  
 And there for ever grateful sing.

4

All glory to the sacred Three,  
 One undivided Deity!  
 All honour, power, and love, and praise!  
 Still may Thy blessed name shine bright  
 In beams of uncreated light,  
 Crown'd with its own eternal rays!

*J. Wesley (1739).*

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Canterbury.

35.

From Playford's Psalter (1671).



- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD, in humble prayer  
To Thee our souls we lift,  
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare  
For Thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow ;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honours, which an hour  
May bring and take away ;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,  
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom,—Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live ;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before Thee give.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Nottingham.

36.

Jer. Clarke (1700).



- 1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:  
"Ascend the hill of God," they say,  
"And to the temple go!"
- 3 The beam that shines from Sion's hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Come, then! O come from every land,  
To worship at His shrine!  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine!

M. Bruce (1768).



SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Edyfield.

37

German.



1 JESUS is our highest good,  
He hath saved us by His blood ;  
May we love Him evermore,  
And His saving name adore.

2 Jesus gives us life and peace,  
Faith and love and holiness ;  
Every blessing, great and small,  
Jesus for us purchased all.

3 Jesus therefore let us own,  
Jesus we'll exalt alone ;  
Jesus hath our sins forgiven,  
Jesus' blood procured us heaven.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Braden.

38.

Rev. C. Kemble (1860).



- 1 JESUS, we Thy promise claim :  
We are gather'd in Thy name ;  
In the midst do Thou appear,  
Manifest Thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,  
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace ;  
Come, and dwell within each heart,  
Light, and life, and joy impart.
- 3 Make us all in Thee complete,  
Make us all for glory meet ;  
Meet to appear before Thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light.

*A. M. Toplady's Coll. (1759).*

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Northampton.

39.

Dr Croft (+ 1727).



- 1 WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven, but Thee,  
And whom on earth beside ?  
Where else for succour shall we flee,  
Or in whose strength confide ?
- 2 Thou art our portion here below,  
Our promised bliss above ;  
Nor can our souls an object know  
So precious as Thy love.
- 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,  
Thou wilt our spirits cheer ;  
Support us through life's thorny vale,  
And calm each anxious fear.
- 4 Yes, Thou, our only Guide through life,  
Shalt help and strength supply ;  
Support us in death's fearful strife,  
Then welcome us on high.

# THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Haarlem.

40.

Ad. Drese (1680).



- 1     JESUS, still lead on,  
      Till our rest be won !  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow calm and fearless :  
      Guide us by Thy hand  
      To our fatherland.
- 2     If the way be drear,  
      If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;  
      For through many a foe  
      To our home we go.

- 3     When we seek relief  
      From a long-felt grief,—  
When oppress'd by new temptations,  
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;  
      Show us that bright shore  
      Where we weep no more.
- 4     Jesus, still lead on,  
      Till our rest be won !  
Heavenly leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
      Till we safely stand  
      In our fatherland.

Graf v. Zinzendorf (+ 1760).

From "Hymns of the Land of Luther."

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Münster.

41.



- 1 FULL of weakness and of sin,  
We look to Thee for life;  
Lord, Thy gracious work begin,  
And calm the inward strife.
- 2 Though our hearts are prone to stray,  
Be Thou a constant friend;  
Though we know not how to pray,  
Thy saving mercy send.

- 3 Let Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,  
Our souls with love inspire;  
Strength and confidence afford,  
And breathe celestial fire.
- 4 Teach us first to feel our need,  
Then all that need supply;  
When we hunger deign to feed,  
And hear us when we cry.

- 5 When we cleave to earthly things,  
Send Thy reviving grace;  
Raise our souls, and give them wings  
To reach Thy holy place!

*Will. H. Bathurst (1831).*

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Benediction.

42.

Ascribed to Haydn (+ 1809).



FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

1 LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come, and by Thy love's revealing  
Dissipate the clouds beneath !  
The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise ;  
Scattering all the night of nature,  
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes !

2 Still we wait for Thy appearing,  
Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering  
Every poor benighted heart :  
Come, and manifest the favour  
Thou hast for our ransom'd race !  
Come, sweet Advocate and Saviour !  
Come, and bring Thy gospel grace !

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,  
O Thou mild pacific Prince !  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins !  
By Thine all-sufficient merit  
Every burden'd soul release !  
By the shinings of Thy Spirit  
Guide us into perfect peace !

*A. M. Toplady (1759).*

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

London New.

43.

Dr Croft (+1727).



- 1 THY sovereign power, O God, is known,  
Through every tribe around,  
O'er all the earth Thy love is shown,  
Thy grace and truth abound.
- 2 Let men Thy righteous acts confess,  
And bow before Thy face,  
And with glad hymns of pleasure bless  
Thy name in every place.
- 3 O may Thy Church be kept in peace,  
And serve Thee here with joy,  
That Christian love may still increase,  
And praise our lips employ.
- 4 In all our sorrows Thou wilt hear,  
Thine eyes Thy people see;  
Nor life nor death have we to fear,  
While loved, O Lord, by Thee.



FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Jackson.

44.

Jackson.



- 1 God is our Refuge, tried and proved,  
Amid a stormy world ;  
We will not fear, though earth be moved,  
And hills in ocean hurl'd.
- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,  
Our comforts shall not cease ;  
The Lord His saints will not forsake,  
The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love  
To us shall ever flow ;  
It issues from His throne above,  
It cheers His Church below.
- 4 When earth and hell against us came,  
He spake and quell'd their powers ;  
The Lord of hosts is still the same,  
The God of grace is ours.

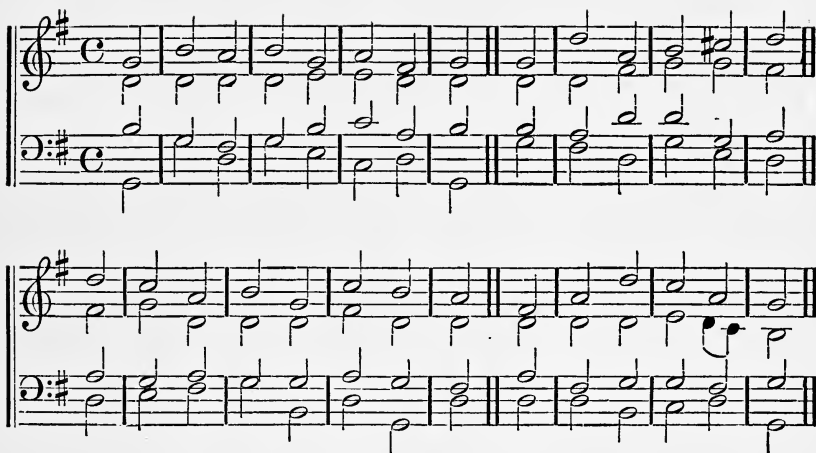
*H. F. Lyte (1834).*

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

St Alban's.

45.

Author unknown.



- 1 FROM Thee, O God of purity !  
We ask renewing grace :  
None without holiness shall see  
The glories of Thy face.
- 2 We come, O Lord, with humble fear  
Before Thy mercy-gate ;  
Though most unworthy to draw near,  
Or in Thy courts to wait.
- 3 For we are prone from Thee to stray,  
Our only strength and guide ;  
O lead us in Thy righteous way,  
Nor let our footsteps slide.
- 4 Make all Thy service our delight,  
And fix our hearts above ;  
Shield us with everlasting might,  
And bless us with Thy love.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Heidelberg.

46.

*Original.*—"Jesus nimmt die Sünder an."

Joh. Krüger (+ 1662).



- 1 JESUS is the sinner's friend ;  
     Spread this word of consolation,  
     To the earth's remotest end  
     Let them hear and find salvation.  
     Here may all your sorrows end,  
     Jesus is the sinner's friend.
- 2 Merit have we none to show,  
     Yet His changeless word is given,  
     Peace and pardon freely flow  
     From the Lord, who reigns in heaven.  
     Wide His arms of love extend,  
     Jesus is the sinner's friend.
- 3 Come then, all, embrace His love ;  
     Come, ye broken in the spirit,  
     Jesus calls you from above  
     Life eternal to inherit.  
     Oh, believe and comprehend,  
     Jesus is the sinner's friend.

*Transl. from the German of E. Neumeister (+ 1756).*

SEPTUAGESIMA.

Gloucester.

47.

R. Farrant (+ 1585).



- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! God of grace !  
We all, like sheep astray,  
In folly from Thy paths have turn'd,  
Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act  
Through all our lives abound :  
Alas, in thought, and word, and deed,  
No health in us is found !
- 3 O spare us, Lord, in mercy spare !  
Our contrite soul restore,  
Through Him who suffer'd on the cross,  
And man's transgressions bore !
- 4 And grant, O Father, for His sake,  
That we, through all our days,  
A just and godly life may lead,  
To Thine eternal praise !

SEPTUAGESIMA.

Kittel.

48.

J. Chr. Kittel (1780).



1 THOU sinner's Advocate with God,  
Our only trust is in Thy blood !  
Thou all-atoning Lamb,  
The virtue of Thy death impart,  
Speak comfort to our drooping heart,  
And tell us of Thy name !

2 Give us Thy pard'ning love to feel,  
And freely our backslidings heal,  
Repair our faith's decay ;  
Restore the sweetness of Thy grace,  
Reveal the glories of Thy face,  
And take our sins away.

3 Speak, Lord, and let us find Thee near !  
O come and dissipate our fear !  
Declare our sins forgiven.  
Return, Thou Prince of Peace ! Return,  
Thou Comforter of all that mourn,  
And guide us safe to heaven !

# SEXAGESIMA.

Veni Creator.

49.

From the time of Charlemagne,  
altered 1525.



1 JESU! who brought'st redemption nigh,  
Word of the Father, God most high;  
Saviour, to faithless hearts unknown,  
The sleepless Guardian of Thine own:—

2 Preserve us, while we dwell below,  
From insults of our ghostly foe,  
That he may ne'er victorious be  
O'er them who are redeem'd by Thee.

3 And when the grave shall claim its prey,  
Keep us, O Lord, for Thy great day,  
And in the vale of death protect  
Thy ransom'd flock, Thine own elect.

# SEXAGESIMA.

Paulus.

50.

Old Latin melody.



- 1 GOD is our strength ; away our fear !  
What shall our confidence remove,  
While kept by His Almighty care,  
And blest with everlasting love !
- 2 O Lord of hosts ! while Thou art nigh,  
None can disturb Thy people's rest !  
The world and Satan they defy,  
Beneath Thy power secure and blest.
- 3 Thou art our safeguard ; through Thine aid  
Our faith is strong, our troubles cease ;  
For Thou, on whom our hope is stay'd,  
Wilt keep Thine own in perfect peace.
- 4 Thee for our Lord and guide we take,  
In time and for eternity ;  
Assured Thou never wilt forsake  
The humble soul that trusts in Thee.

QUINQUAGESIMA.

Ambrose.  
(Dunfermline.)

51.

Ravenscroft (1621).



- 1 FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace,  
All-powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of Thy love !
- 2 Oh may our sympathizing breast  
That gen'rous pleasure know,  
Freely to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe !
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,  
Enthroned above the skies ;  
And, when He saw their lost estate,  
Felt His compassion rise.
- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,  
On wings of mercy flew,  
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,  
Should love each other too.

*Ph. Doddridge (1755).*



QUINQUAGESIMA.

Vienna.

52.

Knecht.



- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,  
Let us in Thy name agree.  
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,  
Bid all strife for ever cease.
- 2 By Thy reconciling love  
Every stumbling-block remove;  
Each to each unite, endear;  
Come, and spread Thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,  
Each the other's burden bear;  
To Thy Church the pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove  
To Thy family above;  
On the wings of angels fly;  
Show how true believers die.

*G. Wesley (1739).*

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

Reading.

53.

Author unknown.



- 1 LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean,  
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Great God ! create our hearts anew,  
And form our spirits pure and true ;  
O make us wise, betimes to see  
Our danger and our remedy.
- 3 Behold, we fall before Thy face,  
Our only refuge is Thy grace ;  
No outward forms can make us clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Jesus, our God ! Thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Lord, let us hear Thy pardoning voice,  
And make our contrite hearts rejoice.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

Ludlow.

54.

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621).



- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !  
The promise calls us near ;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Beyond our utmost wants  
His love and power can bless ;  
To praying souls He always grants  
More than they can express.
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and Thy love ;  
We ask to serve Thee here below,  
And reign with Thee above !
- 4 Teach us to live by faith !  
Conform our wills to Thine !  
Let us victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine !

*J. Newton (1779).*

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

Aylesbury.

55.

Dr Greene (+ 1755).



- 1 WITH trembling awe we come  
And bow before Thy throne ;  
For all our thoughts and secret sins  
To Thee, great God, are known.
- 2 How dreadful is the might  
Of Thine avenging hand !  
The fiery terrors of Thy wrath  
What mortal can withstand !
- 3 As guilty Sodom fell  
Beneath Thy righteous doom,  
So flames of everlasting death  
Shall all Thy foes consume.
- 4 Lord, hear our earnest cry,  
While yet we live to pray ;  
O give us grace to love Thy law,  
And strength to keep Thy way.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Southwell.

56.

From Est's Coll. (1594).



- 1 ALL hail! redeeming Lord,  
Sweet Day-spring from on high;  
All hail! Thou Sun of righteousness,  
With all Thy vital joy.
- 2 In deepest shades of death,  
The borders of despair,  
We lie oppress'd with heavy gloom,  
And constant fetters wear.
- 3 Shine, lovely Star of day,  
Around and in us shine,  
And our benighted souls shall own  
Thy light and love divine.
- 4 Our wandering footsteps guide  
Through all this desert place;  
Beneath Thy beams we'll trace the path  
Of purity and peace.
- 5 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,  
Cheer'd with Thy vital ray,  
And open to our longing eyes  
The road to perfect day.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Osnaburgh.

57.



- 1 LORD, who once, from heaven descending,  
Lost mankind didst seek and save,  
Us in our distress befriending,  
Grant the succour which we crave;  
From a sinful world we flee,  
Shepherd of our souls, to Thee.
- 2 From the arts which would allure us,  
From the toils that would ensnare,  
Thou, who slumberest not, secure us,  
By Thy ever-watchful care;  
And if e'er from Thee we roam,  
Fetch, O fetch the wanderers home.
- 3 And at last, our perils ended,  
Take us to that blessed fold,  
Where the flock Thou here hast tended  
Shall in heaven Thy face behold,  
And with songs of praise adore  
Christ, their Shepherd, evermore.

*From Rugby Coll.*

# THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

Bernburg.

58.

Leo Hassler (+ 1612).



1 O GOD of all compassion,  
Attend Thy suppliant's cry;  
And grant me Thy salvation,  
My weakness to supply.  
A sinner, but relenting,  
O'erwhelm'd with deepest grief,  
Falls at Thy feet repenting:  
O grant him quick relief.

2 Blest Jesu! gracious Saviour,  
Great Lord of all above!  
Extend to me Thy favour,  
The gift of pardoning love.  
When strength and spirits languish,  
And darkness clouds my day,  
Then save my soul from anguish,  
And wash my guilt away.

*A. T. Russell (1851).*

# THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

Nassau.

59.

*Original.*—"Straf' mich nicht."

Rosenmüller, c. 1650.



1 NOT in anger, Lord, Thou wilt  
Not in anger meet us ;  
Leave us not, nor as our guilt  
Well deserveth, treat us.  
Though Thine ire  
Burn as fire,  
See a fountain flowing  
That can quench its glowing.

2 Father, make our weakness strong,  
Prove Thy love enduring ;  
Bear with us in patience long,  
Sin's deep misery curing ;  
And reveal  
Balm to heal,  
With the oil of gladness  
To remove earth's sadness.

3 Fly, tormentor, fly from me,  
God my prayer heareth,  
And my soul in spite of thee  
To His footstool neareth.  
Devils, fly !  
Christ is nigh !  
And what once dismay'd me  
Brings my God to aid me.

4 Holy Father ! endless praise  
Here and then in heaven  
All shall to Thy glory raise :  
Praise to Christ be given !  
Praise to Thee  
Ever be,  
Holy Ghost, who hearest,  
And Thy suppliants cheerest.

*Albinus (1652).*

*Transl. by X. X.*

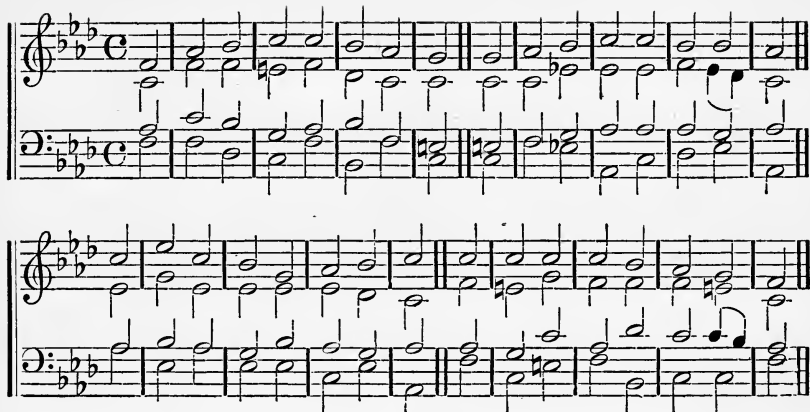


FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Babylon's Streams.

60.

Dr Campian (1600).



- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,  
Come and accept the promised rest !  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away !
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
O come, and spread your woes abroad !  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;  
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart  
The hope Thy gracious words impart !  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice !
- 5 Dear Saviour, let Thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest !

*A. Steele (1780).*

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Burford.

61.

Purcell (+ 1695)



- 1 LORD! when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our fallen spirits pitying see,  
And penitence impart;  
Then let a healing ray from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart!
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share;  
Which is not wholly Thine!
- 4 Let faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies;  
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still,  
That grants it or denies!

*J. Carlyle (1805).*

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Windsor.

62.

Ravenscroft (1621).



- 1 O THOU, the Lord and life of those,  
Who rest their hope in Thee ;  
Whose love from everlasting woes  
Hath set Thy people free ;
- 2 Thine agony and death display  
The curse our guilt should bear ;  
Thy resurrection points the way  
To bliss that we may share.
- 3 To Thee, O Lord, we lift our heart ;  
Thy mercy we implore ;  
Help us to choose the better part,  
And go and sin no more.
- 4 Help us the Saviour to confess,  
In whom our life we see ;  
And oh, may fruits of holiness  
Prove, that we live to Thee.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Supplication.

63.

Rev. T. Sayers.



- 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Now, before it pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling humbly at the door  
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die :
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace,  
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

Hertzog.

64.

C. 1700.



- 1 God of all grace, we come to Thee,  
With broken, contrite hearts!  
Give what Thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts.
- 2 Give deep humility;—the sense  
Of godly sorrow give;  
A strong desiring confidence,  
To hear Thy voice and live.
- 3 Faith in the only sacrifice,  
That can for sin atone;  
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes  
On Christ, and Christ alone.
- 4 Patience to watch, to wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay;  
Courage our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.
- 5 Give these,—and then Thy will be done;  
Thus strengthen'd with all might,  
We by Thy Spirit and Thy Son  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

St Mary's.

65.

From Playford's Psalter (1671).



1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest,  
Till Thou art form'd within,  
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,  
And crush'd the power of sin.

2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross,  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light :

3 Until released from carnal ties  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees true peace above the skies,  
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There as we gaze, may we become  
United, Lord, to Thee ;  
And in a fairer, happier home  
Thy perfect beauty see.

*Will. H. Bathurst (1831).*

PASSION.

Agnus Dei.

66.

*Original.*—"O Lamm Gottes unschuldig."

Nic. Decius, c. 1524.



1 O LAMB of God, most holy,  
Once for us sinners dying,  
To cruel scorn and mockings  
No word of wrath replying,—  
From all our guilt deliver,  
Else are we lost for ever;  
Have mercy on us, O Jesu!

2 With heart and soul we bless Thee  
For this Thy great salvation;  
Give us the broken spirit,  
Which takes Thy consolation,  
To holy grief awaking,  
Each cherish'd sin forsaking;  
Have mercy on us, O Jesu!

3 Our weak faith do Thou strengthen,  
Till firm on Thee reposing;  
Through all the journey lead us,  
And then, when life is closing,  
Forsake us not, nor leave us,  
But to Thy heaven receive us;  
Give us Thy peace, O Lord Jesu!

*Decius, from the Latin "Agnus Dei." Transl. from the German by H. L. L.*

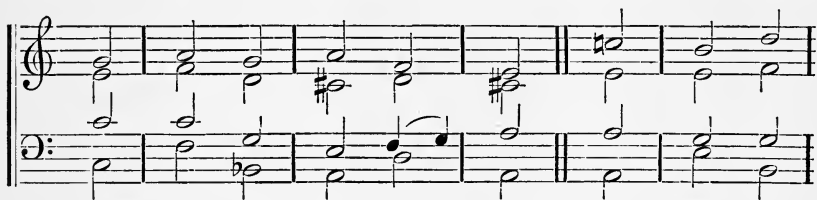
PASSION.

Bernburg.

67.

*Original.*—"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden."

Leo Hassler (+ 1612).





## PASSION.

1 O HEAD, so pierced and wounded,  
So full of pain and scorn ;  
O Head, in jest surrounded  
By crown of piercing thorn ;  
O Head, ere now adorned  
With light and majesty,  
In death now bow'd and scorned,  
Yet here I welcome Thee.

2 O Lord, what Thee tormented,  
Is all my guilty load ;  
I had the debt augmented,  
Which Thou didst pay in blood.  
Here am I, blushing sinner,  
Wrath were my rightful lot ;  
O Thou, my health's beginner,  
Redeemer, spurn me not.

3 I give Thee thanks unfeigned,  
O Jesus, friend in need,  
For what Thy soul sustained,  
When Thou for me didst bleed.  
Grant me a faith unshaken,  
And let me rest in Thee,  
Until I hence am taken,  
Thy glorious face to see.

4 Lord, grant me Thy protection,  
Remind me of Thy death  
And glorious resurrection,  
When I resign my breath.  
Ah then, though I be dying  
'Midst sickness, grief, and pain,  
I shall, on Thee relying,  
Eternal life obtain.

*Paul Gerhardt (+ 1676).*

# PASSION.

St Bride.

68.

Dr Howard (1780).



- 1 Nor all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burden Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursèd tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.

*Isaac Watts (1707).*

# PASSION.

Hammerschmidt.

69.

Hammerschmidt, c. 1765.



- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see;  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraign'd;  
Oh the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh the pangs his soul sustain'd!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of Time,  
—God's own sacrifice complete:  
"It is finish'd," hear Him cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early to the tomb repair,  
Where they laid His breathless clay,  
Angels keep their vigils there:  
Who hath taken Him away?  
Christ is risen!—He seeks the skies;  
Saviour! teach us so to rise.

Montgomery (1822).

# PASSION.

Costnitz.

70.

*Original.*—"Da Jesus an dem Kreuzesstamm."

C. 1500.



1 My soul, Thy great Redeemer see,  
Dying for a lost world and thee,  
Look on in pious wonder;  
The seven parting words He spoke  
With contrite spirit ponder.

2 For in these gracious words of love  
We find a message from above,  
A pledge of free salvation,  
Which to the wounded conscience brings  
True peace and consolation.

3 O Saviour, who for us hast borne  
Such cruel anguish, shame, and scorn,  
Let us forget them never!  
The memory of Thy dying love  
Keep in our hearts for ever!

*Dr J. Zwick, from the Latin "Stabat ad lignum."  
Transl. from the German by H. L. L.*

PASSION.

Norwich.

71.



- 1 LAMB of God, whose dying love  
Thus Thy Saints recall to mind ;  
Hear us, bless us from above,  
Let us all Thy mercy find.
- 2 Let Thy blood, to us applied,  
Every sinner's pardon seal ;  
All in Thee be justified,  
Every soul Thy comfort feel.
- 3 By Thine agony of pain,  
By Thy precious blood, we pray,  
Cleanse our hearts from every stain,  
Take our load of guilt away.
- 4 Burst our bonds and set us free,  
Bid our fear and sorrow cease ;  
Oh, remember Calvary !  
Saviour, bid us go in peace.

*C. Wesley (1739).*

PASSION.

Stabat Mater.

72.

Old Latin.



## PASSION.

- 1 SEE the Saviour praying, weeping,  
Of our sins the sorrows reaping :  
Groaning in Gethsemane !  
To the earth o'erwhelm'd He falleth,  
On His Father now He calleth :—  
Oh ! the cup He drank for thee !
- 2 See the Son of Man betray'd,  
All the powers of Hell array'd,  
Seek to wound Creation's head !  
Hear His foes around Him crying,  
Life to Him—their life—denying :  
All His friends for fear have fled.
- 3 Angels bow in adoration ;  
Men proclaim His condemnation,  
Yet for these He deigns to die !  
See the cross, the nails that rend Him,  
Say, shall none relieve, defend Him ?  
None in His behalf draw nigh ?
- 4 No, alone His grief He beareth,  
None with Him His sorrow shareth,  
He will save, and He alone !  
Lo ! upon the cross He dieth,  
To His rest His spirit flieth :—  
Paradise our Lord doth own.
- 5 For the grief Thy soul endured,  
Grief that joy for us procured,  
Joy and hope, and life divine :  
Be in all our hearts enthroned,  
Thou who hast for us atoned,  
Evermore preserve us Thine.

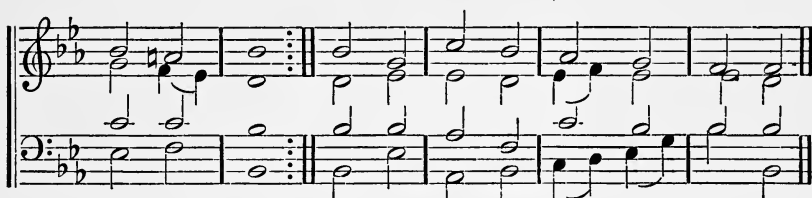
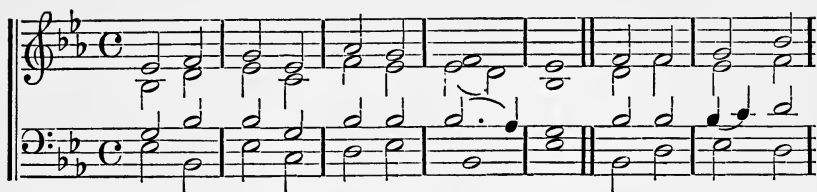
PASSION.

Steinfurt.

73.

*Original.*—"Jesu, meines Leben's Leben."

C. 1661.





## PASSION.

- 1 THOU eternal life bestowest,  
Thou hast death as victor slain ;  
Thou hast bow'd in deepest anguish,  
Bodily and mental pain,  
Us, poor sinners, to deliver,  
Save from sin and death for ever,—  
Thanks, a thousand thanks to 'Thee,  
Saviour, for Thy love so free !
- 2 O Thou Son of God, most holy,  
Thou hast borne reproach and shame,  
Cruel blows and bitter mocking,  
Every vile and scornful name ;  
Bonds and stripes so meekly taking,  
Thus our chains and fetters breaking,—  
Thanks, a thousand thanks to Thee,  
Saviour, for Thy love so free !
- 3 Oh, so deeply Thou wast wounded,  
That our wounds might all be whole ;  
Thou didst labour, worn and weary,  
Rest to give each weary soul.  
Yea, the very curse enduredst,  
Blessing then for us securedst :  
Thanks, a thousand thanks to Thee,  
Saviour, for Thy love so free !
- 4 Now with glowing heart we bless Thee  
For each hour of pain and gloom ;  
For the mocking hall of judgment,  
For the cross and for the tomb,  
For Thy groaning and Thy sighing,  
For Thy bleeding and Thy dying :  
Thanks, eternal thanks to Thee,  
For Thy love so rich and free !

*E. C. Homburg (+1681).  
Transl. by H. L. L.*

# EASTER.

Lübeck.

74.

From Störl's Chorale Book (1744).



1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"

Sons of men and angels say :

Raise your joys and triumphs high ;

Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,

Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;

Death in vain forbids His rise ;

Christ hath open'd paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King—

Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?

Once He died our souls to save—

Where's thy victory, O grave ?

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,

Following our exalted Head ;

Made like Him, like Him we rise,

Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 What though once we perish'd all,

Partners of our parents' fall !

Second life we now receive,

When in Jesus we believe.

6 Hail ! the Lord of earth and heaven !

Praise to Thee by both be given :

Thee we greet triumphant now :

Hail ! the *Resurrection* Thou !

*C. Wesley (1739).*

# EASTER.

Croft's 148th, or Bodmin.

75.

Dr Croft (+ 1727).



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1    AWAKE, ye saints, awake,<br/>               And hail this sacred day;<br/>         In loftiest songs of praise<br/>               Your joyful homage pay:<br/>         Welcome the day that God hath bless'd,<br/>         The type of heaven's eternal rest.</p> | <p>2    On this auspicious morn<br/>               The Lord of life arose;<br/>         He burst the bars of death,<br/>               And vanquish'd all our foes:<br/>         And now He pleads our cause above,<br/>         And reaps the fruit of all His love.</p> |
|---|---|
- 3    All hail, triumphant Lord!  
       Heaven with hosannas rings;  
       And earth, in humbler strains,  
       Thy praise responsive sings:  
 "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
       Through endless years to live and reign."

*J. Cotterill (1819).*

# EASTER.

Hereford.

76.

Dr Boyce (1745).

1 Jesus, who died a world to save,  
Revives and rises from the grave,  
By His almighty power :  
From sin, and death, and hell set free,  
He captive leads captivity,  
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see  
Your Saviour clothed in majesty,  
Triumphant o'er the tomb !  
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,  
In heaven your mansion He prepares,  
And soon will take you home !

3 His Church is still His joy and crown,  
He looks with love and pity down  
On her He did redeem :  
He tastes her joys, He feels her woes,  
And prays that she may spoil her foes,  
And ever reign with Him.

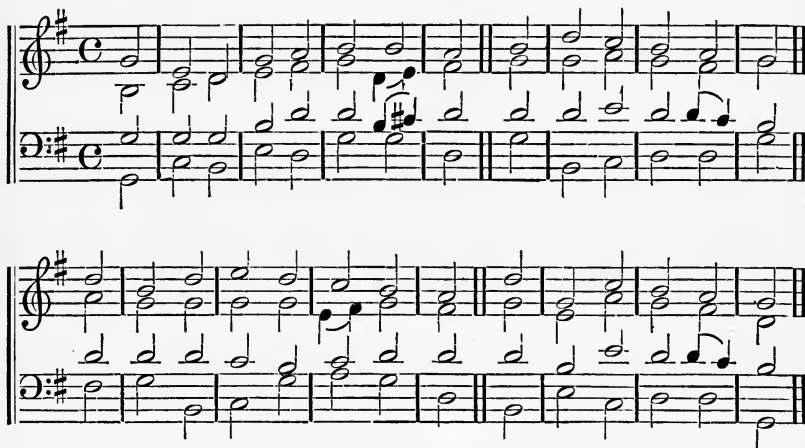
R. Hill (1783).

# EASTER.

Bethlehem.

77.

J. Krüger (1658).



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THE Head that once was crown'd with<br/>Is crown'd with glory now; [thorns<br/>A royal diadem adorns<br/>The mighty victor's brow.</p>           | <p>4 To them the cross, with all its shame,<br/>With all its grace, is given;<br/>Their name an everlasting name,<br/>Their joy, the joy of heaven.</p>    |
| <p>2 The highest place that heaven affords<br/>Is His, is His by right;<br/>The King of kings, and Lord of lords,<br/>And heaven's eternal light.</p> | <p>5 They suffer with their Lord below,<br/>They reign with Him above;<br/>Their profit and their joy to know<br/>The mystery of His love.</p>             |
| <p>3 The joy of all who dwell above,<br/>The joy of all below,<br/>To whom He manifests His love,<br/>And grants His name to know.</p>                | <p>6 The cross He bore is life and health,<br/>Though shame and death to Him;<br/>His people's hope, His people's wealth,<br/>Their everlasting theme.</p> |

*Th. Kelly* (1804).

EASTER.

Kingston  
or St Jude.

78.

Dr Hayes (1780).



1 O JOYFUL sound ! O glorious hour !  
When Christ, by His almighty power,  
Arose, and left the grave :  
Now let our songs His triumph tell,  
Who broke the chains of death and hell,  
And ever lives to save.

2 The First-begotten from the dead,  
Behold Him rise, His people's Head,  
Immortal life to bring ; [die,—  
What though the saints like Him shall  
They share their Leader's victory,  
And triumph with their King.

3 No more we tremble at the grave,  
For He, who died our souls to save,  
Will raise our bodies too :  
What though this earthly house shall fail,—  
The Saviour's power will yet prevail,  
And build it up anew.

*From Hall's Coll.*

# EASTER.

Germania.

79.

Original.—“Christ lag in Todesbanden.”

Luther (1524).



1 JESUS in bonds of death had lain,  
For our offences dying;  
But now the Lord is risen again,  
And Death is vanquish'd lying.  
Thus believers can rejoice,  
Give praise and thanks with cheerful  
Loud hallelujahs singing! [voice,  
Hallelujah.

2 That was a strange and awful strife,  
When Life with Death contended;  
The Victor was the Prince of Life,  
Who Death's dominion ended.  
Thus the promise is made plain,  
Jesus by dying Death has slain;  
We dread our foe no longer.  
Hallelujah.

3 Then let us join to keep the feast  
In holy love and gladness;  
With Jesus enter into rest,  
Set free from fear and sadness.  
He's the Sun whose radiance bright  
Has fill'd our hearts with joyful light;  
The darkness now is over!

Luther. Transl. by H. L. L.

# FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Zürich.

80.

J. Schop (1640).



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 CHRIST! from whom all blessings flow,<br/>Life and light of saints below;<br/>Ransom'd with Thy precious blood,<br/>Reconciled by Thee to God;<br/>Thee, O Saviour, we would bless,<br/>Thee, our risen Lord, confess.</p> | <p>2 Placed according to Thy will,<br/>May we all our work fulfil!<br/>Helpers to each other prove;<br/>Never from our office move;<br/>Use the grace on each bestow'd;<br/>Learn, and do, the will of God.</p> |
|---|---|
- 3 Ever, Lord, Thy blessing give,  
That our souls to Thee may live;  
Fill us with the Father's love;  
Never from our souls remove;  
Dwell in us, that we may be  
Thine to all eternity.



# FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

York.

81.

Scotch Psalter (1615).



- 1 FATHER of mercies, let our songs  
With Thee acceptance find!  
Thy loving-kindness we confess  
To us and all mankind.
- 2 Thanks for creation are Thy due,  
For life preserved by Thee,  
And all the blessings life affords,  
So great, and yet so free.
- 3 Thanks for redemption above all,  
To us in Jesus given;  
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,  
And for the hope of heaven.
- 4 O let a sense of this Thy grace  
Our best affections move,  
That while our lips Thy praise proclaim  
Our hearts may feel Thy love!
- 5 Lord, may we give ourselves to Thee,  
And, walking in Thy ways,  
In righteousness and holiness  
Obey Thee all our days!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Berg.

82

Crassellius (+ 1724).



- 1 ONE there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end :  
They who once His kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could, or would, have shed his blood ?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God :  
This was boundless love indeed,  
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften,  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above :  
But, when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought.

J. Newton (1779).

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Tübingen.

83.

Freylinghausen (+ 1739).



1 Son of God, to Thee we cry ;  
By the holy mystery  
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
By Thy pure and holy birth,—  
Lord, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

2 Lamb of God, to Thee we cry ;  
By Thy bitter agony,  
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,  
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,—  
Lord, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

3 Prince of Life, to Thee we cry ;  
By Thy glorious majesty,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
Meek to suffer, strong to save,—  
Lord, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

4 Lord of Glory, God most High,  
Man exalted to the sky,  
With Thy love our bosom fill ;  
Help us to perform Thy will ;  
Then Thy glory we shall see,  
Thou wilt bring us home to Thee !

*R. Mant (1824).*

# THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

## Commandments.

84.

From the Genevan Psalter (1562).



1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep !  
Thy little flock in safety keep : [heav'n,  
The flock for which Thou cam'st from  
The flock for which Thy life was giv'n !

2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from  
Secure, as if from danger free : [Thee,  
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,  
And bring them to a "wealthy place."

3 O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
And keep them that they never stray ;  
Cherish the young, sustain the old ;  
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

4 Secure them from the scorching beam,  
And lead them to the living stream ;  
In verdant pastures let them lie,  
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye.

5 O may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,  
And in its sacred sound rejoice !  
From strangers may they ever flee,  
And know no other guide but Thee !

6 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,  
And let the number be complete !  
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,  
To occupy the fold above.

*Thomas Kelly (1804—1836).*

# THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Allhallows.\*

85.

Rev. R. Hake.



1 LORD, bid Thy light arise  
On all Thy people here ;  
And when we raise our longing eyes,  
O may we find Thee near !

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,  
To quicken every soul,—  
To make the most rebellious bend  
To Thy divine control.

3 Stir up the blind and dead  
With Thine awakening grace ;  
Teach wandering sinners how to tread  
Thy paths, and seek Thy face.

4 Let all that own Thy name  
Thy sacred image bear ;  
And light in every heart the flame  
Of watchfulness and prayer.

5 Since in Thy love we see  
Our only sure relief,  
O raise our earthly minds to Thee,  
And help our unbelief.

*W. H. Bathurst (1831).*

\* By permission, from Dr Maurice's "Choral Harmony."

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Gerhard.

86.

c. 1600.



- 1 O THOU who hast at Thy command  
The hearts of all men in Thy hand ;  
Our wayward erring hearts incline  
To have no other will but Thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;  
Mould every purpose of the soul ;  
O'er all, may we victorious be,  
That stands between ourselves and Thee.
- 3 Twice bless'd will all our blessings be,  
When we can look through them to Thee,  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to Thy glory live,  
May we to Thee all glory give ;  
Until the joyful summons come  
That calls Thy willing servants home.

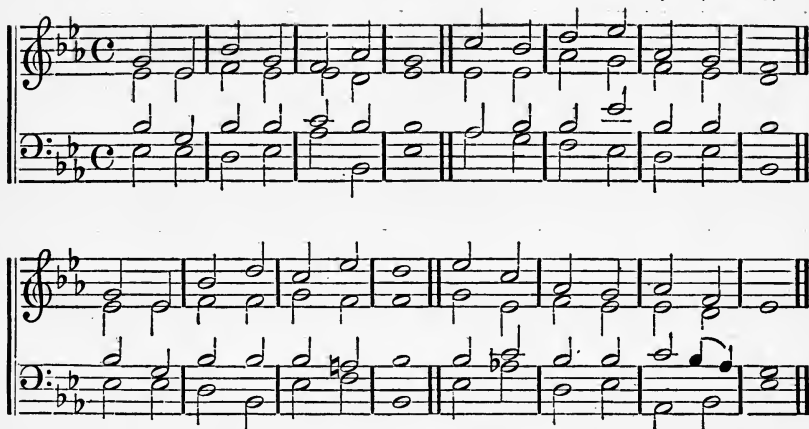
*J. Cotterill (1819).*

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Sharon, or Boyce.

87.

Dr Boyce (+1779).



- 1 BLESSED Lord, who Thee receive,  
Who in Thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to Thee,  
“As Thou art, so let us be.”
- 2 Fix, O fix, each wavering mind,  
To Thy cross our spirits bind;  
Earthly passions far remove,  
Perfect all our souls in love.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of guilt and misery;  
Make us Thine, O Son of God,  
Wash us in Thy precious blood.
- 4 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable are Thine;  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

*Moravian.*

# FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

• Tallis.

88.

Tallis (+ 1585).



- 1 GOOD Father of each perfect gift,  
Behold Thy servants wait ;  
With longing eyes and lifted hands  
We flock around Thy gate.
- 2 O shed abroad that royal gift,  
Thy Spirit from above,  
To bless our eyes with sacred light,  
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may He descend,  
And heavenly comfort bring ;  
And o'er our fainting souls extend  
His all-reviving wing.
- 4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,  
Declare our sins forgiven ;  
And raise with energy divine  
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.



FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Marburg.

89.

Joh. Crüger (+ 1662).



- 1 O LORD, whose wisdom graciously  
Doth order all our ways,  
For all Thy love our hearts to Thee  
Shall humbly offer praise.  
Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth  
Are evermore unfurling.
- 2 O Jesu, who our Shepherd art,  
Continue still our guide ;  
To us that inward peace impart  
Which ever shall abide.  
Our weakness, Lord, is known to Thee ;  
Thy strength to us be given.
- 3 Send down Thy Spirit from above ;  
On us His comfort pour :  
We in our suff'ring still would love,  
And still Thy name adore.  
In sorrow's hour we look to Thee ;  
Thou, Lord, our souls sustainest.

*A. T. Russell (1851).*

# ASCENSION-DAY.

Calw.

90.



- 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise  
To His throne above the skies ;  
Christ the Lord, for sinners given !  
Enters now the highest heaven.
- 2 There for Him the triumph waits ;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;  
He has conquer'd death and sin,  
Let the King of glory in.
- 3 See, He lifts His hands above,  
Where are seen the prints of love ;  
Graciously His lips bestow  
Blessings on His Church below.
- 4 Now for us He intercedes,  
His prevailing death He pleads :  
He prepares for us a place,  
He the first-fruits of our race.
- 5 Lord, though parted from our sight,  
Far above the starry height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Dwell with Thee above the skies.

*J. Madan (1763).*

## ASCENSION-DAY.

St Stephen (Nayland).

91.

Rev. W. Jones (+1800).



- 1 O CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire,  
Redemption's only spring!  
Creator of the world art Thou,  
Its Saviour, and its King!
- 2 How vast the mercy and the love  
Which laid our sins on Thee,  
And led Thee to a cruel death,  
To set Thy people free!
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,  
The ransom has been paid;  
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,  
In glorious robes array'd.
- 4 Oh, may Thy mighty love prevail  
Our sinful souls to spare!  
Oh, may we come before Thy throne,  
And find acceptance there!
- 5 O Christ! be Thou our present joy,  
Our future great reward!  
Our only glory may it be  
To glory in the Lord!

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION-DAY.

Rudolstadt.

92.

*Original.*—"Zeuch uns nach Dir."

H. Schein (1627).



- 1 DRAW us to Thee in mind and heart,  
On heavenly things attending :  
In spirit hence let us depart,  
To Thee, O Lord, ascending.
- 2 Draw us to Thee, O Christ, and guide  
Our erring feet to heaven :  
If Thou, O Lord, with us abide,  
Light to our path is given.
- 3 Draw us to Thee, O Thou whose love  
The angels praise adoring :  
Receive our souls to Thee above,  
Thy name in death imploring.
- 4 Draw us to Thee, grant us to rise  
To yon abodes of glory :  
On Thee to rest our joyful eyes,  
And fall in praise before Thee.

*Countess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt (+1672).*

*Transl. by A. T. Russell (1851).*

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION-DAY.

Old 25th.\*

93.

From Day's Psalter (1563).



1 THOU art gone up on high  
To mansions in the skies;  
And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise.  
But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppress'd;  
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to our rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high,  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
To pass unto Thy crown;  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be;  
But only let that path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train.  
Oh! by Thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand in that dread hour  
At Thy right hand on high.

*Anon. (1853).*

\* By permission, from "Havergal's Psalmody."

WHITSUNDAY.

Zion.

94.

*Original.*—"O du allersüßste Freude."

J. Crüger (1640).



## WHITSUNDAY.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of sinful night,  
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,  
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light !  
Loving Spirit, God of peace,  
Great distributor of grace,  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Hear, O hear our supplication !
- 2 From that height, which knows no measure,  
As a gracious shower descend,  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Men can wish or God can send !  
O Thou glory, shining down  
From the Father and the Son,  
Grant us Thy illumination !  
Rest upon this congregation !
- 3 Known to Thee are all recesses  
Of the earth and spreading skies ;  
Ev'ry sand the shore possesses  
Thy omniscient mind describes.  
Holy Fountain, wash us clean  
Both from error and from sin !  
Make us fly what Thou refusest,  
And delight in what Thou choosest.
- 4 Manifest Thy love for ever,  
Fence us in on every side ;  
In distress be our reliever,  
Guard and teach, support and guide !  
Let Thy kind effectual grace  
Turn our feet from evil ways ;  
Show Thyself our new creator,  
And conform us to Thy nature.
- 5 Be our friend on each occasion,  
God ! omnipotent to save !  
When we die be our salvation,  
Be our hope, when in the grave.  
And when from the grave we rise,  
Take us up above the skies ;  
Seat us with Thy saints in glory,  
There for ever to adore Thee.

*Variation by Aug. M. Toplady (1776).*

*From J. Ch. Jacobi (1722).*

*Original by P. Gerhardt (1653).*

# WHIT-SUNDAY.

St Alban's.

95.



- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers !  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 3 O Saviour ! shall we always be  
In This ungrateful state,  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great ?
- 4 Come, Holy-Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

*Is. Watts (1707).*



# WHIT-SUNDAY.

Melcombe.

96.

S. Webbe (c. 1760).



- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
Lead to Thy word, that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live !
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart !
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God !  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from His pasture stray !
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In His enjoyment to be blest !  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is !

*Simon Browne (1720).*

# WHIT-SUNDAY.

France.

97.

J. Crüger (1640).



- 1 HOLY Comforter divine,  
Now from heaven upon us shine  
With Thy light and love divine.
- 2 O Thou gracious, heavenly Friend,  
Comfort to our sorrows send,  
From Thy fulness without end.
- 3 Thou eternal source of light,  
Scatter, by Thy radiance bright,  
All our spirits' gloomy night.
- 4 To our hearts, so cold and dry,  
Now the Saviour's blood apply,  
Cleansing sins of darkest dye.
- 5 Hear us, Lord, we humbly pray!  
Lead and guide us, day by day,  
Bring us back whene'er we stray.
- 6 Keep us Thine in faith and love,  
Till we joyfully remove  
To Thy blissful home above.

*Robert, King of France, c. 1000.  
Transl. by H. L. L.*

# WHIT-SUNDAY

Silesius.

98.

*Original.*—"Komm, O komm du Geist des Lebens."

J. Chr. Bach (1680?).



1 COME, oh come, Thou quickening Spirit,  
True as God's eternity,  
May Thy power prove its merit,  
Ever fill our minds with Thee:  
Then shall joy and light divine  
Cheer our hearts and make them Thine.

2 Plant Thou in our understanding  
Wisdom, counsel, sense, and love,  
That we may in all our actions  
Seek the will of Him above.  
May Thy knowledge e'er increase,  
And from errors us release.

3 Let us always feel Thy witness  
That we children are of God,  
Who alone in Him are trusting  
When in trial is our lot;  
For the Father's loving rod  
Leads but nearer us to God.

4 Spirit Thou of might and power,  
Oh! Thou Spirit pure and true,  
Further in us good intentions,  
Working both to will and do.  
In the war be Thou our Shield,  
That we gain the battle-field.

5 And at last when we must die,  
Then assure us more and more  
That we are the heirs of heaven,  
And that we shall reach its shore;  
Gazing on that joy for aye  
That shall never pass away.

*Transl. by E. T. L.*

# TRINITY.

Reichardt.

99.

J. F. Reichardt (+1814).



- 1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us Thy pard'ning love extend !
- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us Thy saving grace extend !
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us Thy quick'ning power extend !
- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend !

*Mrs Steele (1780).*

## TRINITY.

Franconia.

100.

Lutheran Melody.



- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let Thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open Thou our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesu's blood,  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of God !
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell Thou within our heart,  
Our minds from bondage free !  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

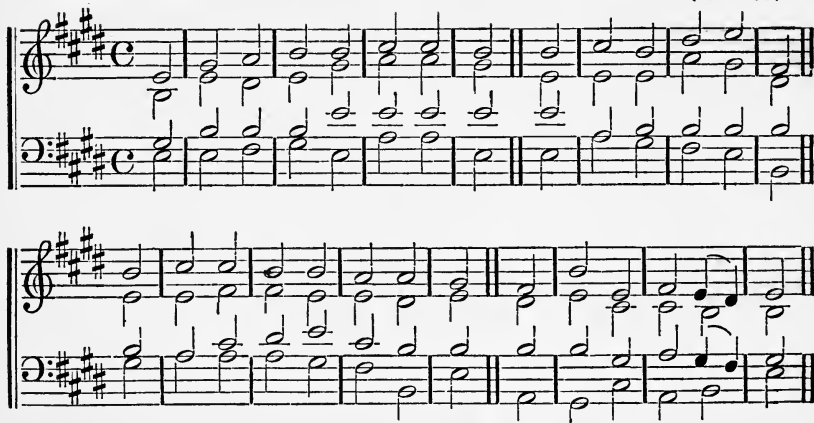
*Jos. Hart (1759).*

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

New Brunswick.

101.

From Handel (+ 1759).



- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound  
Of Thy salvation, Lord ;  
Yet still how weak our faith is found  
To profit by Thy word !
- 2 How cold and feeble is our love,  
How negligent our fear ;  
How low our hope of joys above,  
How few affections there !
- 3 O God of love ! Thy grace impart  
To give Thy word success ;  
With power on every careless heart  
Thy saving truth impress.
- 4 Direct and keep us in the way  
That leads to joys on high ;  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
Where love shall never die.

*Isaac Watts (1709).*

# FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Durham.

102.

Dr Croft (+ 1727).



- 1 To Thee we come, our God, to Thee,  
We come to seek Thy face !  
Before Thy throne Thy people see,  
Before Thy throne of grace !
- 2 We bring Thy promise, and we plead  
Thy mercy and Thy Name ;  
To our petitions, Lord, give heed,  
And put us not to shame !
- 3 Subdue the foes that are within,  
Our mighty foes subdue !  
O break in us the power of sin,  
And make us, Lord, anew !
- 4 We know, in such a strife as this,  
How vain are mortal powers ;  
No strength but Thine sufficient is  
Against such foes as ours.
- 5 In us Thy pleasure, Lord, fulfil,  
The work of faith with power ;  
That we may do and love Thy will,  
Nor leave Thee from this hour !

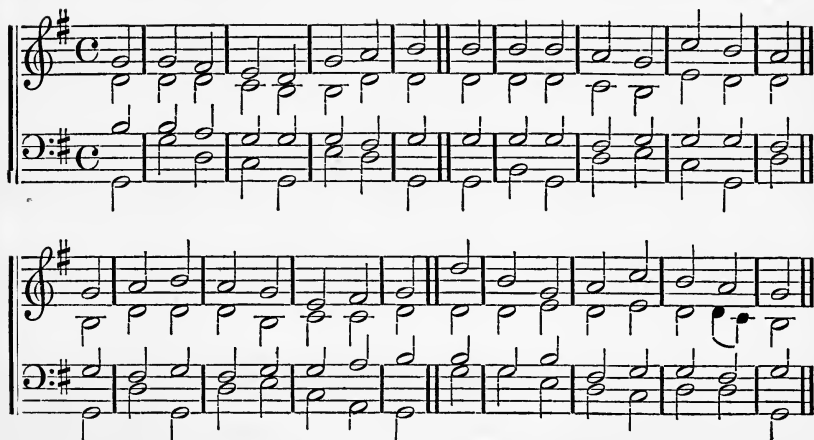
Thomas Kelly (1804).

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Savoy.

103.

W. Franck, c. 1545.



- 1 WITH watchful eye and wisdom deep  
Our gentle Shepherd tends His flock,  
Leads on and guards the helpless sheep,  
And grounds them on Himself, the Rock.
- 2 He seeks the lost with tender care,  
And finds them in the wilderness:  
Conducts them to His pastures fair,  
And feeds them with His word of grace.
- 3 And while they walk in humble love,  
His pleasant heritage are they:  
And He defends them from above,  
And guides them in the Gospel way.
- 4 So guide and guard us, gracious Lord,  
As children walking hand in hand!  
And many a gracious look afford  
To cheer us through this barren land!

*J. Berridge (1785).*

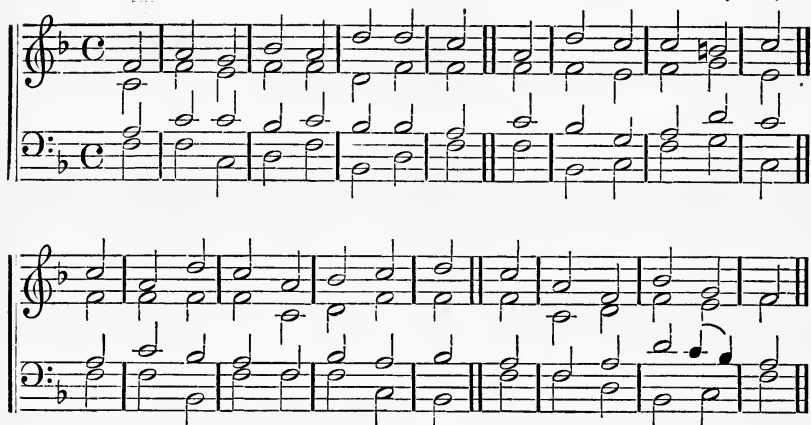


SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Chichester.

104.

From Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621).



- 1 O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,  
Thy heavenly succour give :  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore ;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,  
More firmly to believe :  
For still the more Thy servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high ;  
We know no help but Thee ;  
O help us so to live and die,  
As Thine in heaven to be !

*H. Milman (1827).*

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Dix.

105.

C. Kocher (1855).



1 JESUS, let us cling to Thee,  
When our footsteps falter,  
Then be Thou our staff and guide,  
In the storm our shelter.  
In the struggle fierce of life,  
In the battle and the strife,  
O be Thou our helper.

2 Strengthen Thou our souls to bear  
All that may assail us,  
Thee to choose, Thy yoke to wear,  
So no foe can harm us.  
If upon the battle-field  
Thou our Captain art and shield,  
Vict'ry cannot fail us.

3 And when life's last hour is come,  
Do not Thou forsake us,  
Fill our hearts with comfort then,  
To Thy keeping take us:  
In the world our portion be,  
And through all eternity  
Heirs of glory make us.

*Transl. from the German by F. C. C.*

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Godesberg.

106.

H. Alberti (1660).



1 LORD, be present now to bless us,  
Joy and peace to all impart :  
Meet it is Thou should'st possess us,  
Reign, O Lord, in ev'ry heart :  
Slaves to sin we would not be,  
Thou alone canst set us free !

2 We are free, Thy laws obeying,  
'Tis the truth that makes us free ;  
O preserve us, Lord, from straying  
From the path mark'd out by Thee :  
Keep us walking in the way  
Leading to eternal day.

3 We are helpless, Lord, without Thee,  
To the foe an easy prey ;  
But we must not, will not, doubt Thee,  
Thou wilt be our guide and stay :  
This may well our spirits cheer,  
And we need no evil fear.

4 Yes, the thought is sweet and cheering ;  
When His people's strength is gone,  
Then it is the Lord, appearing,  
Cheers and leads His people on :  
Be it so with us, O Lord ;  
Be our shield and our reward.

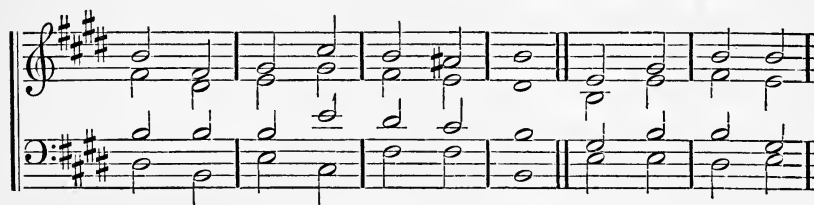
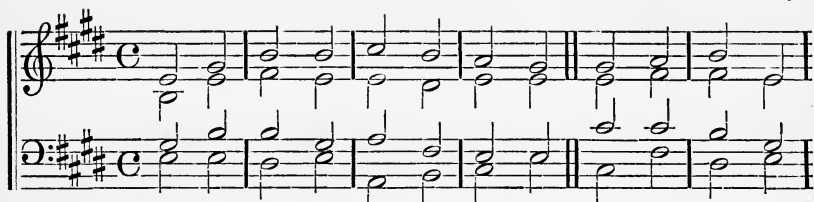
*Th. Kelly* (1804).

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Manheim.

107.

German.



#### FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

1 SAVIOUR ! through the desert lead us ;  
Without Thee we cannot go ;  
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,  
Thou hast laid the tyrant low.  
Let Thy presence  
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price Thy love has bought us ;  
Saviour, what a love is Thine !  
Hitherto Thy power has brought us ;  
Power and love in Thee combine.  
Lord of glory,  
Ever on Thine Israel shine.

3 Through a desert waste and cheerless  
Though our destined journey lie,  
Render'd by Thy presence fearless,  
We may every foe defy.  
Nought shall move us,  
While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us ;  
Manna shall our camp surround ;  
Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us ;  
Streams shall from the rock abound.  
Happy Israel !  
What a Saviour thou hast found !

5 Then lead on, Almighty Victor,  
Scatter every hostile band ;  
Be our guide and our protector ;  
Till on Canaan's shores we stand.  
Shouts of victory  
Then shall fill the promised land.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Winkler.

108.

Moravian (1735).



1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us  
Through the gloomy vale of tears,  
Thro' the changes Thou'st decreed us,  
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let Thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel hands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

5 Then, O crown us with Thy blessing,  
Through the triumphs of Thy grace,  
Then shall praises, never ceasing,  
Echo through Thy dwelling-place.

6 O refresh us with Thy blessing,  
O refresh us with Thy grace!  
May Thy mercies, never ceasing,  
Fit us for Thy dwelling-place.

(Anon.)

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Steventon.

109.



- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide  
 Of all who seek the land above,  
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
 The cloud of Thy protecting love ;  
 Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy Word ;  
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,  
 We shall not in the desert stray ;  
 We shall not full direction need,  
 Nor miss our providential way ;  
 As far from danger as from fear,  
 While love, Almighty love, is near.

*C. Wesley (1739).*

# FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Eisenach.

110.

Schein (1627).



- 1 LED by a Father's gentle hand  
Through this dark wilderness of woe,  
We long to reach that peaceful land,  
Where streams of lasting comfort flow.
- 2 Oh! may the Spirit shed the light  
Of truth to guide us on our way,  
God's word upon our conscience write,  
And teach us how to watch and pray.
- 3 We would dismiss each worldly thought,  
When thus we commune with our God,  
Our theme shall be the love that brought  
A Saviour from His bless'd abode.
- 4 We'll think how Jesus lived and died,  
The pains and sorrows that He bore,  
The blessing which His love supplied,  
The home to which He's gone before.
- 5 There, through redeeming grace alone,  
We hope with Him to rest ere long,  
And gladly change before His throne  
The pilgrim's for the conqueror's song.



SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ilfeld.

III.

c. 1650.

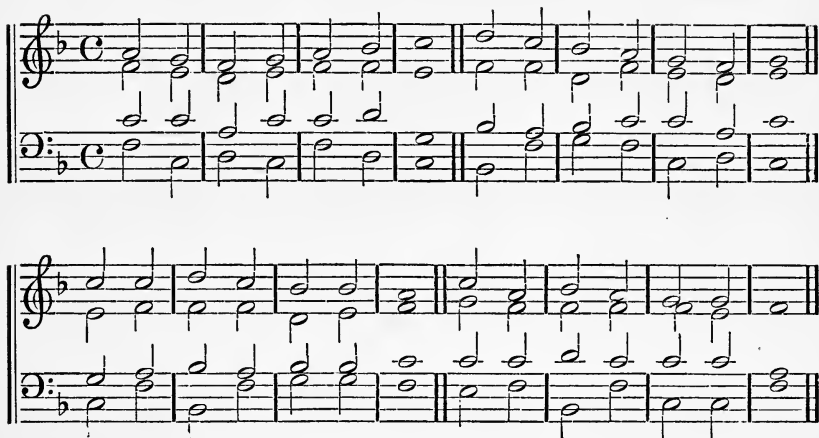


- 1 CREATOR Spirit, Lord of grace,  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And with Thy heavenly presence aid  
The souls of those whom Thou hast made.
- 2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry ;  
O highest gift of God most high !  
O Fount of Life ! O Fire of Love !  
And sweet Anointing from above !
- 3 Thou to our souls Thy grace impart,  
And give Thy love to every heart ;  
Turn all our weakness into might,  
O Thou the Source of life and light !
- 4 Protect us from the assailing foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
Upheld by Thee, our Strength and Guide,  
No evil can our steps betide.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Dublin.

112.



1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,  
Let Thy light around us shine :  
All our guilty fears remove,  
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

2 Pardon to the contrite give,  
Bid the wounded sinner live ;  
Lead us to the Lamb of God,  
Wash us in His precious blood.

3 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,  
Comfort every troubled breast ;  
Life, and joy, and peace impart,  
Sanctifying every heart.

4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,  
Keep us in our heavenly way ;  
Bring us to Thy courts above,  
Realms of light and endless love.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Freylinghausen.

113.

Freylinghausen (1704).



1 Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown :  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast !  
All Thy love we would inherit,  
Enter into all Thy rest :  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be ;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee.  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley (1739).

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Reichardt.

114.

J. F. Reichardt (+1814).



- 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,  
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow—  
Jesus, no other name but Thine  
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 No other name will Heaven approve ;  
Thou art the true, the living way,  
Ordain'd by everlasting love,  
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 3 Here let our constant feet abide,  
Nor from the heavenly path depart :  
O let Thy Spirit, gracious Guide,  
Direct our steps and cheer our heart.
- 4 Safe lead us through this world of night,  
And bring us to the blissful plains,  
The region of unclouded light,  
Where perfect love for ever reigns.

*A. Steele* (1780).

# EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Alsfeld.

115.

La Trobe (1804).



1 Jesus, God of love, attend,  
From Thy glorious throne descend ;  
Set, O set the captives free,  
Draw our backward souls to Thee ;  
Let us all from Thee receive  
Light to see, and life to live.

2 Let us hear Thy pardoning voice,  
Bid the contrite heart rejoice ;  
Prayer can mercy's door unlock,—  
Open, Lord, to us that knock !  
Us the heirs of glory seal,  
With Thy benediction fill.

3 Give the heavy-laden rest,  
Shed Thy love in every breast,  
Witness all our sins forgiven ;  
Grant on earth a glimpse of heaven ;  
Bring the joyful tidings down,  
Fit us for our future crown.

*A. Toplady (1759).*

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Dessau.

116.

Vulpius, c. 1609.



- 1 O SAVIOUR, go beside us  
Wherever we may go ;  
And let no harm betide us  
From malice of the foe.
- 2 O Shepherd, go beside us,  
And lead Thy fainting flock ;  
With pastures green provide us,  
And well-springs from the rock.
- 3 O Master, stay beside us,  
Our hearts with wisdom store ;  
Be strength and grace supplied us,  
To grow for evermore.
- 4 O Father, go beside us,  
Till all our wanderings end ;  
Let weal nor woe betide us  
From Thee, our heavenly Friend.

*Stegmann.*

*Transl. by Jas. Stallybrass.*

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Kensington.\*

117.

W. Horsley, M.B. (1853).



- 1 My God and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from the heart to say,  
"Thy will be done!"
- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine;  
"Thy will be done!"
- 3 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done!"
- 4 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done!"

*Charlotte Elliott (1836).*

\* By permission, from Dr Maurice's "Choral Harmony."

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Salisbury.

118.

From Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621).



- 1 OH, God of our salvation, Lord,  
Of wondrous power and love,  
May faith, salvation's holy seed,  
Be sent us from above !
- 2 'Tis faith that gives us strength to fight,  
That we our foes may quell;  
And with the shield of faith we quench  
The fiery darts of hell.
- 3 By faith we make our prayers to Thee,  
In that most holy Name,  
On which, for mercy and for peace,  
Hope rests her steadfast claim.
- 4 For that Name's sake assist us, Lord,  
To run our heavenward race ;  
And, oh, may no unholy life  
Our holy faith disgrace !



TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Beverley.

119.



1 O THOU that hearest prayer,  
Attend our humble cry ;  
And let Thy servants share  
Thy blessing from on high :  
We plead the promise of Thy word ;  
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord !

2 If earthly parents hear  
Their children, when they cry ;  
If they with love sincere  
Their children's wants supply ;  
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,  
And answer when Thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, Thou ;  
We, children of Thy grace ;  
O let Thy Spirit now  
Descend and fill the place ;  
That all may feel the heavenly flame,  
And all unite to praise Thy name.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Angels.

120.

O. Gibbons (+ 1625).



- 1 ATTEND, O Saviour, to our prayer ;  
All things by Thy appointment are :  
We Thee confess the sovereign Lord,  
Thy name be everywhere adored.
- 2 Thou who on earth the sick didst heal,  
And to the poor Thy love reveal,  
O comfort, by a look from Thee,  
All who are now in misery.
- 3 Nearer and nearer draw us still ;  
Might all but know Thy holy will :  
Subdue all pride and stubbornness,  
O Lord, by Thy prevailing grace.
- 4 Preserve by Thy almighty aid  
Those who have Thee their refuge made ;  
Grant that, in all things free from blame,  
In meekness they may praise Thy name.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

St Mark.\*

121.

Goudimel (1565).



- 1 O GOD of holiness and grace,  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who love Thy sacred paths to trace,  
And strive Thy precepts to obey.
- 2 Thy law is written in their hearts ;  
Thy service is their blest employ ;  
The Holy Ghost their strength imparts,  
And fills their souls with peace and joy.
- 3 Father ! we plead that gracious name,  
For we are Thine, with all our powers ;  
Thy children's place we humbly claim ;  
O let their blessedness be ours !
- 4 By all Thy love, that wondrous love  
Which gave Thy Son for us to die,  
Help us to live for things above ;  
Lead us, through Him, to joys on high.

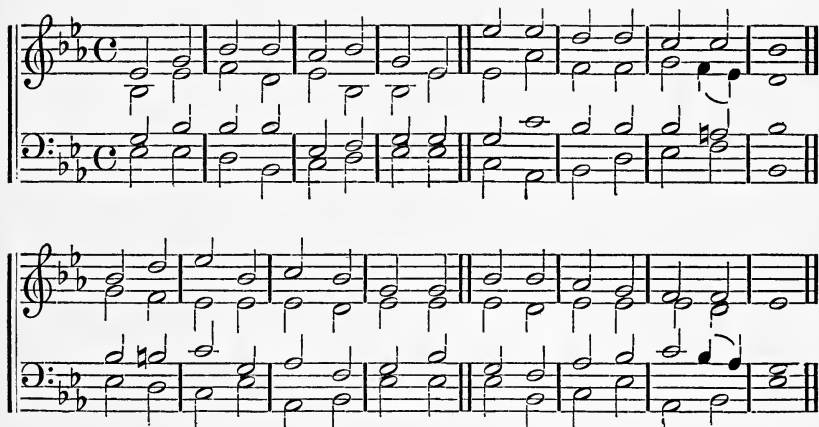
\* By permission, from Dr Maurice's "Choral Harmony."

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Culbach.\*

122.

From Toepler's Chor. Mel.



- 1 THEE, Jehovah, Thee adoring,  
Prostrate at Thy throne we bend,  
Humbly there Thy grace imploring,  
Waiting till Thy grace descend !
- 2 Thou art our Almighty Saviour,  
Let Thine arm be still reveal'd ;  
Cast around Thy special favour,  
Spread Thine everlasting shield !
- 3 In Thy love our heart rejoices,  
While Thy promises we claim ;  
Thee we praise with cheerful voices,  
Trusting in Thy holy name.
- 4 Lord, Thy mercy, without measure,  
Fills Thy covenant of grace ;  
Grant to us that heavenly treasure,  
For on Thee our hopes we place.

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\* By permission, from "Havergal's Psalmody."

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

St Ann's.

123.

Dr Croft (+ 1727).



- 1 Good Shepherd of Thy people, hear !  
Thy presence now display ;  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray !
- 2 Show us some token of Thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ;  
And pour Thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise !
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love and concord, dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal !
- 4 May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith address our prayers,  
And in the presence of the Lord  
Unbosom all our cares !
- 5 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,  
The contrite heart bestow ;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
That we in grace may grow.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Barnabas.

124.

Damantius (+ 1643).



1 LORD, before Thy throne we bend ;  
 Lord, to Thee our hopes ascend ;  
 Servants, to our Master true,  
 Lord, we yield Thee homage due :  
 Children, to our God we fly,  
 Gracious Father, hear our cry.

2 From the heavens, Thy dwelling-place,  
 Hear and grant Thy pard'ning grace ;  
 In temptation's dang'rous hour  
 Leave us not beneath its power ;  
 God, our Saviour, still be nigh,  
 Lord of life and victory !

*J. Bowdler (1814).*

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Vulpius.

125.

Vulpius (1609).



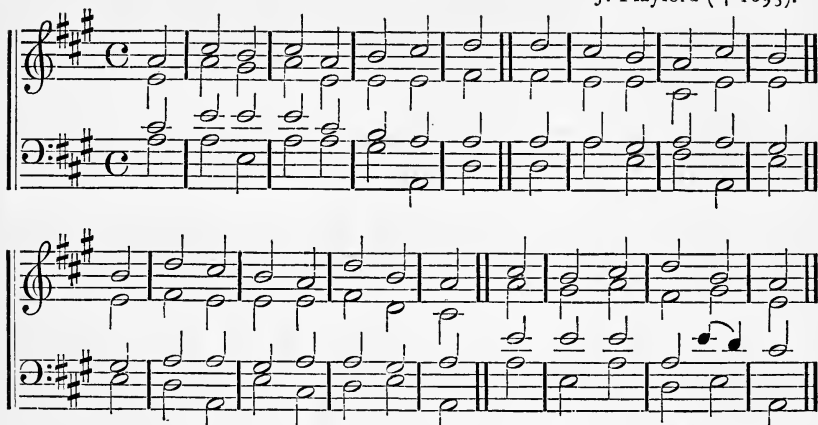
- 1 LORD, may we feel no anxious care,  
Whether we die or live !  
'Tis ours to love and serve Thee here,  
And Thou the strength wilt give.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet  
Thy blessed face to see !  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What must Thy glory be !
- 3 Then we shall end our sad complaints,  
Our weary, sinful days,  
And join with those triumphant saints  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 Our knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 'tis enough that Christ is all,  
And we shall be with Him. *R. Baxter (1692).*

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Canterbury.

126.

J. Playford (+1693).



- 1 O GOD, the source of all our joy,  
Our life's eternal spring;  
Thy mercies shall our hearts employ,  
While we Thy praises sing.
- 2 From Thee man first received his breath,  
And in Thine image shone;  
By Thee we now are saved from death,  
Redeem'd by Christ Thy Son.
- 3 O may Thy Spirit, Lord, direct  
And rule us all our days,  
And still in love our souls correct,  
When wand'ring from Thy ways.
- 4 Thine arm alone can make us whole,  
And give us power and might;  
O let Thy grace our hearts control,  
And make us heirs of light.
- 5 Thus grant us ever to be found  
Thy faithful servants here;  
That we may, by Thy favour crown'd,  
Before Thy throne appear.

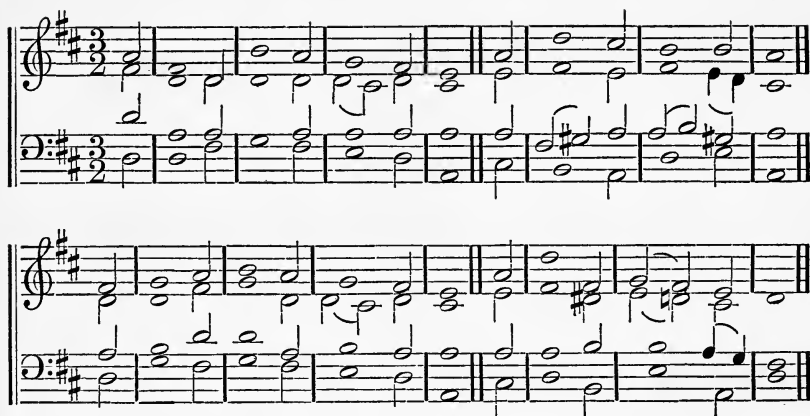


FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Bedford.

127.

W. Wheall, c. 1729.



- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart,  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Send down Thy heavenly grace,  
To guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear ;  
Let each his friendly aid afford  
To soothe his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,  
Each other to improve ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Complete at length Thy work of grace,  
And take us to Thy rest,  
Among Thy saints who see Thy face  
To be for ever blest.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Sharon.

128.

Dr Boyce (+1779).



1 SHED on us Thy gifts, O Lord !  
Faith and hope on us be pour'd :  
Oh may love to us descend,  
Love that knows nor bound nor end.

2 Faith that purifies the heart,  
Hope that doth Thy peace impart ;  
Faith that looks above the skies,  
Faith that owns Thy sacrifice.

3 Hope that seeks its all in Thee,  
Rising to eternity ;  
Love that doth to all abound,  
Love with truth and mercy crown'd.

4 Earthly things we put away,  
Soon to dwell in heavenly day :  
Soon to dwell with Thee above,  
In the light of perfect love.

5 Then shall faith be changed to sight,  
Hope to full, supreme delight ;  
Love shall through our life abide,  
Love for ever glorified.

*A. Russell (1851).*

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ebeling.

129.

*Original.*—"Erhalt uns Herr."

C. 1535.



- 1 FROM all her foes Thy Church, O Lord,  
Protect and keep by Thy blest word ;  
Our foes and Thine, who would dethrone  
Christ Jesus Thy beloved Son.
- 2 Lord Jesus Christ, now let Thy might,  
Thou Lord of hosts, appear in sight :  
Thy helpless heritage defend ;  
So shall they praise Thee without end.
- 3 God, Holy Ghost, our joy Thou art,  
Give to Thy fold on earth one heart :  
In our last trial be our stay,  
Our guide through all our mortal way.

*Luther* (+ 1546).

*Transl. by Russell* (1851).

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Godesberg.

130.

H. Albert (1643).



1 JESUS! Lord! our steps be guiding  
By Thy word's celestial light;  
Now and evermore abiding  
Our defence, our rock of might!  
Nowhere, save alone in Thee,  
Can we rest from danger free.

2 Lo! we yield to Thy direction  
Soul and body, heart and mind;  
Keep Thou all by Thy protection,  
To Thy mighty hand resign'd!  
Thee our glorious God we own!  
Let us, Lord, be Thine alone!

# SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Sutton.

131.

A. Williams.



- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let His praise be great ;  
He makes His churches His abode,  
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His grace,  
How beautiful they stand !  
The honours of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 For God defends His fold ;  
He keeps, and feeds His own ;  
Our fathers have His wonders told,  
And we His grace have known.
- 4 In trials and distress  
We'll to His house repair ;  
For there the Lord delights to bless,  
And we will seek Him there.
- 5 The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die,  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

*Isaac Watts (1707).*

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Eisenach.

132.

Schein (1627).



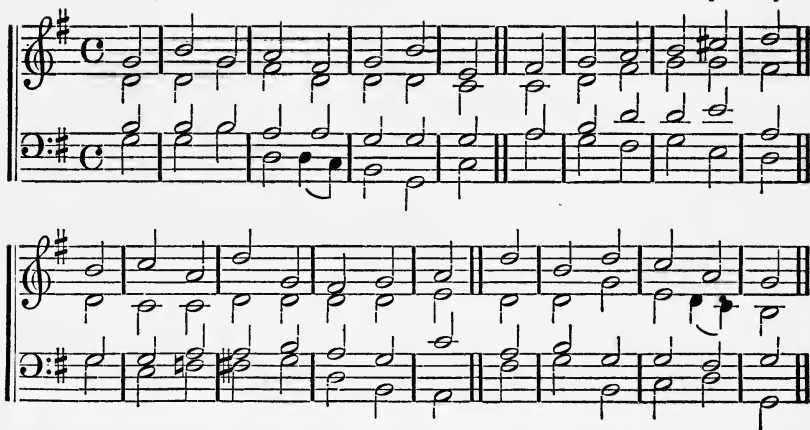
- 1 ACCORDING to Thy mercy, Lord,  
True Christian faith to us afford,  
That we Thy kindness, love, and grace  
May prove throughout our future race.
- 2 Thy gracious hand o'er us extend,  
Protect and keep us to the end ;  
From earthly noise and misery  
Retired and still to walk with Thee.
- 3 O grant that we may Thine remain  
And deeper ground in Thee obtain ;  
Yea, give us to our latest breath  
To enjoy the merits of Thy death.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ely.

133.

Rt. Rev. Turton, D.D., Bishop of Ely.



- 1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep His statutes still !  
Oh that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do His will !
- 2 Lord, send Thy Spirit down, to write  
Thy law upon my heart ;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine !
- 4 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet, since I've not forgot Thy way,  
Restore Thy wand'ring sheep !
- 5 Make me to walk in Thy commands !  
'Tis a delightful road ;—  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God ! *Is. Watts (1707).*

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

St David's.

134.

*Ch*

From Playford's Psalter (1671).



1 O GOD, the strength of every heart,  
Whom heaven and earth obey,  
Thy promised help and grace impart,  
That we may keep Thy way.

2 By all on earth Thy will be done,  
As by the hosts above,  
Who always see Thee on Thy throne,  
And glory in Thy love.

In hope like them to see Thy face,  
Lord, we would do Thy will;  
O strengthen us with inward grace,  
Thy precepts to fulfil.

4 We would no more from Thee depart,  
No more unfaithful prove,  
But love Thee with a perfect heart,  
As holy angels love.



EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Sandford.\*

135.

Jos. Stephenson, B.A.



- 1 BLESSED are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see their God ;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;  
Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord, who left the sky,  
Pardon and grace to bring,  
And dwelt in lowliness with men,  
Their pattern and their King :
- 3 Still to the lowly soul  
He doth Himself impart ;  
And for His dwelling and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek,  
Ours may this blessing be ;  
Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for Thee.

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\* By permission, from "Dr Maurice's Collection.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Winter.

136.

P. v. Winter, c. 1758.



- 1 COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,  
Into ev'ry longing heart !  
Bought for us by Jesus' merit,  
Now Thy blissful self impart.
- 2 Keep us from the world unspotted,  
From all earthly passions free ;  
Wholly to Thyself devoted ;  
Fix'd to live and die for Thee.
- 3 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,  
Lord, we will not let Thee go,  
Till Thou all Thy mind declare,  
All Thy grace on us bestow.
- 4 Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,  
Joy and perfect love impart,  
Present, everlasting heaven ;  
All Thou hast and all Thou art !

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Leicester.

137.



- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,  
To Thee our hearts we raise ;  
Thy all-sustaining power we prove  
And gladly sing Thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly Thine, we want to be ;  
Our sacrifice receive :  
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,  
To Thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts abroad ;  
So shall we ever live, and move,  
And be with Christ, in God.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Abbey.

138.

Andre Hart's Psalter (1615).



- 1 FATHER of peace, and God of love !  
We own Thy power to save,  
That power by which our Saviour rose  
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,  
When, by His sacred blood,  
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore  
Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 Oh may Thy Spirit seal our souls,  
And mould them to Thy will,  
That our weak hearts no more may stray,  
But keep Thy precepts still ;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height  
We nearer still may rise,  
And all we think and all we do  
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

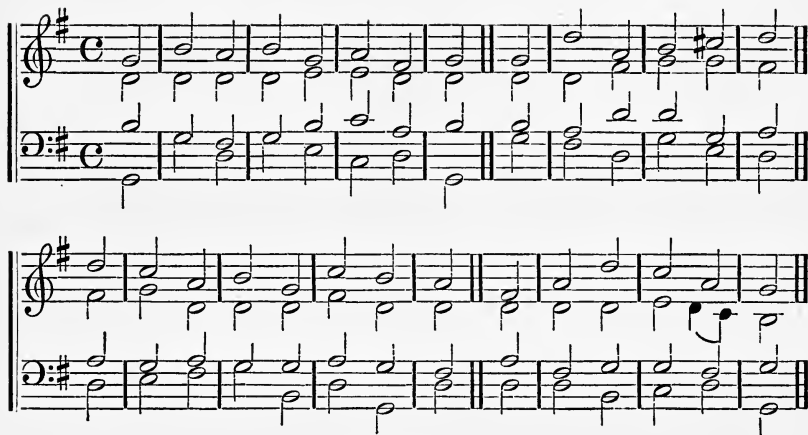
*P. Doddridge (1755).*

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

St Alban's.

139.

Author unknown.



- 1 ALAS, what dangers hourly rise,  
What snares beset our way !  
To heaven, O Lord, we lift our eyes,  
To Thee for succour pray.
- 2 By Thee we stand, in Thee we live ;  
Do Thou our weakness aid ;  
Help us to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.
- 3 When strong temptations lure our heart,  
And draw our steps aside,  
O God, Thy powerful aid impart ;  
Our guardian and our guide !
- 4 O keep us in Thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee ;  
And let us never, never stray  
From happiness and Thee.

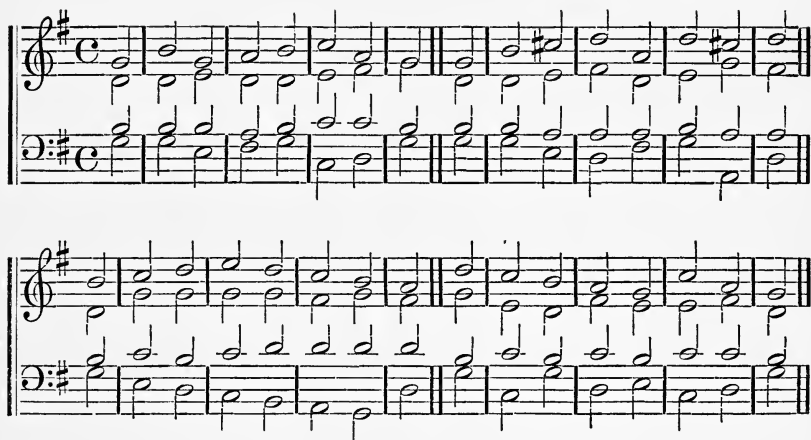
*A. Steele (1780).*

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Angels.

140.

O. Gibbons (+ 1625.)



- 1 BE with us, Lord, where'er we go ;  
O teach us what we ought to do ;  
Suggest whate'er we think or say,  
And keep us in the narrow way.
- 2 O let us not with foolish pride  
In our own righteousness confide ;  
But make us all our weakness see,  
And feel our strength derived from Thee.
- 3 Assist, and teach us how to pray ;  
Incline our nature to obey ;  
What Thou abhorrest let us flee,  
And only love what pleases Thee.
- 4 Resign'd in all things to Thy will,  
May we Thy perfect law fulfil ;  
Our thoughts, our cares, our time, our ways,  
Be all devoted to Thy praise.

*Cadogan's Coll.*

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Potsdam.

141.

From Seb. Bach.



- 1 OH ! how shall we appear,  
What off'ring shall we bring,  
Or how with confidence draw near  
To our offended King ?
- 2 What can His wrath endure ?  
What can for sins atone ?  
Or what to sinful man ensure  
Acceptance at His throne ?
- 3 O Saviour, Thou alone  
Canst draw us to Thy seat ;  
None else can for our sins atone,  
And make our off'ring meet.
- 4 O clothe us with Thy grace,  
That in the realms above  
We may with joy behold Thy face,  
And share thy boundless love.

*W. Bullock (1854).*

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

St Peter's.

142.

A. R. Reinagle (1862).



- 1 O THOU, whose mercy, truth, and love  
From age to age endure ;  
Whose word, though heaven and earth remove,  
Shall stand for ever sure.
- 2 Before Thy face, Almighty God,  
Thy guilty creatures fall ;  
And plead the Saviour's precious blood,  
So freely shed for all.
- 3 The sanctifying Spirit give,  
To make us pure within ;  
That we may serve Thee while we live,  
And hate the works of sin.
- 4 Give us a new, a perfect heart ;  
From evil set us free ;  
The mind that was in Christ impart,  
And make us live to Thee.



TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

French.

143.

G. Franck (1563).



- 1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led :
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace !  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race !
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wand'ring footsteps guide !  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide !
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace !
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

*Variation by J. Logan (1770). From Philip Doddridge (1755).*

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

St Catherine.

144.

Rt. Rev. Bp. Turton.



- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,  
In Him our spirit shall rejoice ;  
Assembled here with one accord  
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.
- 2 God of our hope ! to Thee we bow,  
Thou art our refuge in distress ;  
The Husband of the widow Thou,  
The Father of the fatherless.
- 3 May we the law of love fulfil,  
Lighten each other's burdens here,  
Suffer and do Thy righteous will,  
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.
- 4 Then grant our union, here begun,  
May last for ever firm and free :  
Around Thy throne may we be one,  
And dwell for evermore with Thee.

*J. Montgomery (1822).*

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Gloucester.

145.

R. Farrant (+1580).



- 1 THOU boundless Source of every good,  
Our best desires fulfil,  
And help us to adore Thy grace,  
And mark Thy sovereign will !
- 2 In all Thy mercies, may our souls  
Thy bounteous goodness see ;  
Nor let the gifts Thy grace imparts  
Estrange our hearts from Thee !
- 3 In every changing scene of life,  
Whate'er that scene may be,  
Give us a meek and humble mind,  
A mind at peace with Thee !
- 4 Do Thou direct our steps aright,  
Help us Thy name to fear,  
And give us grace to watch and pray,  
And strength to persevere.
- 5 Then may we close our eyes in death,  
Free from distracting care ;  
For death is life, and labour rest,  
If Thou art with us there.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

St Matthew.

146.

Dr Croft (+ 1727).



TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



1 OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !  
Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.  
Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come !  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home !

*Isaac Watts (1719).*

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Bedford.

147.

W. Wheall, c. 1729.



- 1 How lost and helpless is our state !  
Our sin, how deep its stain !  
While Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chain.
- 2 But hark ! a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from God's holy word !—  
“ Come, ye despairing sinners, come,  
And rest upon the Lord.”
- 3 To the pure fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, we fly ;  
There may we cleanse our guilty souls  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 4 Stretch forth Thine arm, almighty King !  
Our reigning sins subdue ;  
Implant Thy powerful grace within,  
And form our souls anew.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Bahnmeier.

148.

Dr Bahnmeier (+1841).



- 1 HOLY Spirit, from on high  
Bend on us a pitying eye,  
Animate the drooping heart,  
Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess  
Of our heart's ungodliness ;  
Show us every crooked way,  
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us with repentant grief  
Humbly to implore relief ;  
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,  
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,  
Swiftly run the heavenly race,  
Train'd in wisdom, led by love,  
Till we reach our rest above.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Chichester.

149.

From Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621).



- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! Thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground ;  
Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound !
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove ;  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy ;  
But let it yield an hundred-fold  
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Where'er the word of life is sown,  
A large increase bestow ;  
That all who hear Thy message, Lord,  
Its saving power may know.

*J. Carwood (18—).*

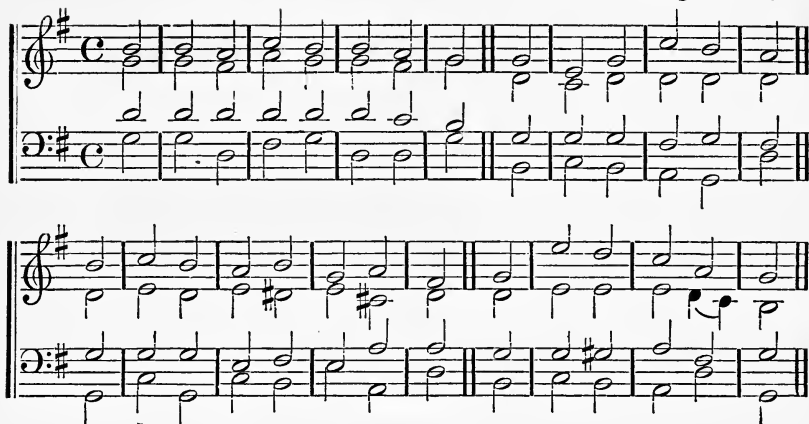


TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Wigmore.

150.

A. R. Reinagle (1862).



- 1 WE in ourselves unrighteous are ;  
With sorrow we confess  
Our great and grievous sins to Thee,  
The Lord our righteousness,
- 2 Thou, Christ, the great Jehovah art,  
The fount of holiness ;  
And God with us, Thou art become  
The Lord our righteousness,
- 3 O wash us with Thy blood, and clothe  
With Thy pure spotless dress ;  
O hide us in Thyself, and be  
The Lord our righteousness.
- 4 Make us by grace to be in deed,  
What we in word profess ;  
O make us like unto Thyself,  
The Lord our righteousness,
- 5 Pour on us plenteous showers of grace,  
Increase our fruitfulness,  
That we may yield Thine own to Thee,  
The Lord our righteousness.

Wordsworth (1862).

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Watton.

151.



- 1    For all Thy saints, O Lord,  
      Who strove in Thee to live,  
      Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, adored,  
      Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2    For all Thy saints, O Lord,  
      Accept our thankful cry,  
      Who counted Thee their great reward,  
      And strove in Thee to die.
- 3    They all, in life and death,  
      With Thee, their Lord, in view,  
      Learn'd by Thy Holy Spirit's breath,  
      To suffer and to do.
- 4    For this Thy name we bless,  
      And humbly beg that we  
      May follow them in holiness,  
      And live and die in Thee.

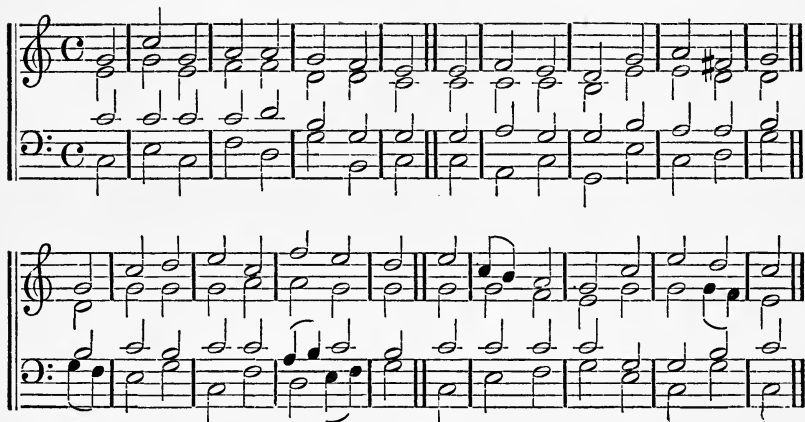
*Bishop Mant (1824).*

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Winchester New.

152.

Crassellius (1704).



- 1 Lo, round the throne, a glorious band,  
The saints, in countless myriads, stand,  
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,  
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through trials and distress they came ;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;  
But now from all their labours rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face ;  
They sing the triumphs of His grace ;  
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,  
To Him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 Oh may we tread the sacred road,  
That holy saints and martyrs trod ;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
And win, like them, a crown of life.

*Duncan.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Old 100th.

153.

W. Franck, c. 1545.



- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed :  
Without our aid He did us make :  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto ;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? The Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure :  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

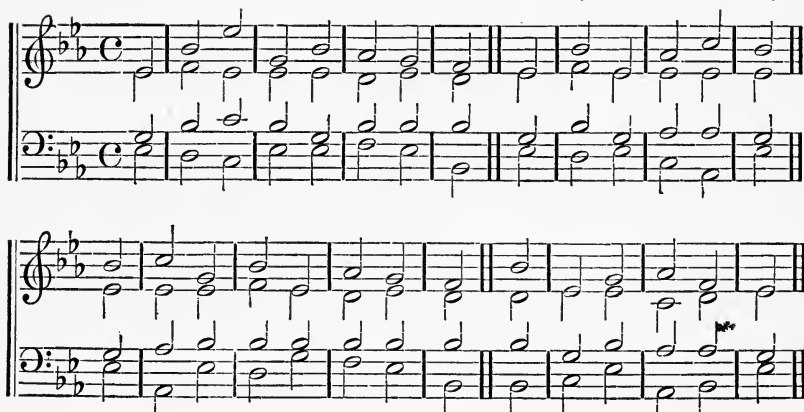
*Old Version.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

St David's.

154.

From Playford's Psalter (1671).



- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours His own :  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints His triumph spread,  
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God the Father's name  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise !  
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts (1707).

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Dix.

155.

*Original Tune.*

C. Kocher (1855).

1 SAVIOUR, here to Thee we come,  
At Thy footstool kneeling,  
All our hearts and our desires  
To Thy guidance yielding.  
Let the clear light of Thy word  
Shine into our hearts, O Lord,  
All Thy truth revealing.

2 Thou in us and we in Thee,  
Lord, Thy blessing give us,  
Let Thy love be shed abroad,  
And be present with us.  
In our hearts Thy comfort pour,  
And both now and evermore  
In Thy ways, O lead us.

3 Holy, holy Lord, to Thee  
We will sing for ever  
Praises through eternity,  
Thou of grace the giver.  
O let us a foretaste share  
Of the joys in heaven, that are,  
With the angels ever.

*Transl. from the German by F. C. C.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

156.

*Original.*—"Das ist meine Freude hier."

1 Now I find a lasting joy,  
Joy that faileth never,  
God, my Saviour now is mine,  
I am His, for ever ;  
All my hope on Him I stay,  
And pursue the heavenward way,  
In my God rejoicing.

2 This my joy can well abide  
Storms of tribulation,—  
He remains my refuge still,  
And my sure salvation ;  
Here on earth I join the song  
Of the ransom'd heavenly throng,  
In my God rejoicing.

3 Soon I leave this tearful vale,  
All my sorrows ceasing :  
Through Eternity to prove  
Joy and love increasing.  
Thus I fear not pain or woe,  
Calmly to my grave I go,  
In my God rejoicing.

*Transl. by H. L. L.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Commandments.

157.

From the Genevan Psalter (1562).



- 1 JESUS! where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat:  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And, going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name!
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes!
- 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

*Will. Cowper (1779).*



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Winter.

158.

P. v. Winter, c. 1758.



1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :  
Streams of mercy, never-ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God,  
And to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee :

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Take my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

*R. Robinson (1757).*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Agnus Dei.

159.

*Original.*—"O Vater der Gemeine."

Nic. Decius (1524).



1 FATHER of all created,  
O God of mercies tender,  
Thine own Thou hast elected,  
What can their welfare hinder?  
For Thou through Christ didst call us,  
And Thine own children make us;  
O Father, do Thou save us!

2 O Son of God most holy,  
Of light and life the giver,  
Who can enough extol Thee,  
Thou friend who changest never!  
O happy they who know Thee,  
Thine own Thou call'st them to Thee,  
O Jesu, leave us never!

3 O God Thou Holy Spirit,  
Now in our hearts descending,  
In holy bonds unite us,  
Of faith and love, ne'er ending  
Till life and soul and spirit  
Thy heavenly peace inherit,  
O Comforter most holy!

*K. B. Garve (1841). Transl. by F. C. G.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Godesberg.

160.

H. Alberti (1660).



- 1 GOD of ages never ending,  
Ruling all with sov'reign power ;  
Whose firm truth, our steps attending,  
Led us on from childhood's hour ;  
Lord, this day our souls shall raise,  
Waking them to purer praise.
- 2 May we love this day of leisure—  
This our Lord's own holy feast :  
Comforting with hallow'd pleasure  
Hearts from daily toil released ;  
While His Spirit, freely given,  
Points the way from earth to heaven.
- 3 Lord, confirm the prayers we're raising ;  
Bought and saved by Thee alone,  
All Thy holy name be praising,  
All Thy glorious greatness own :  
Till we've run our earthly race,  
And in heaven behold Thy face.

*Neumann (+ 1715). Transl. by Buckoll (1848).*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Arnheim.

161.

*Original.*—"Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier."

R. Ahle (+1673).



- 1 GRACIOUS Jesu ! in Thy name  
We are gather'd now to hear Thee,  
To Thy word our spirits frame,  
Truly both to love and fear Thee :  
By Thy teaching be it given  
Every heart to raise to heaven.
- 2 All our knowledge, mind, and will,  
Lie in earthly darkness sealed,  
Till Thy light our spirits fill,—  
Till Thou art in us revealed :  
Each good thought and inclination  
Comes of Thy sole inspiration.
- 3 Light of light ! Thou Word divine,  
O prepare us to adore Thee :  
Heart and mouth and ear incline :  
Bless us, Lord, while we implore Thee.  
Whilst our praise is Thee confessing,  
O Lord Jesu, grant Thy blessing.

*Clausnitzer* (+1684).

*Translated by Russell* (1848).

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Coburg.

162.

*Original.*—"Herr meine Burg."

Joh. Schop (+ 1660).



1 O God of hosts! O mighty Lord,  
O Thou our Saviour and our God,  
Our castle and deliv'rer; [endow,  
Thou dost our hands with strength  
The horn of our salvation Thou,  
Who keepest truth for ever.  
Our portion sure, our strength, our shield,  
The rock on which our hopes we build.

2 To Thee alone, O God, we look,  
For Thou didst bid us come and knock,  
And ever seek Thy favour:  
Then open, Lord, Thy door of grace,  
And let us now behold Thy face,  
Who art our gracious Saviour.  
In death the portion of our soul,  
O heal us, so shall we be whole.

3 For Thou the true Physician art,  
Oh make us whole in every part,  
Our souls from sin deliver.  
So shall we serve Thee, nor delay  
Our sacrifice of joy to pay,  
And praise Thy name for ever.  
In all distress our comfort sure,  
Whose promises for aye endure.

*Hiller. Transl. by F. C. C.*

# DISMISSAL.

## Benediction.

163.

Mich. Haydn (1800).

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
Oh, refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound ;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal 's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

4 Praise and honour to the Father,  
Praise and honour to the Son,  
Praise and honour to the Spirit,  
Ever Three and ever One,  
Praise be given  
While eternal ages run !

G. Burder (1784).

# DISMISSAL.

Chorale.

164.

Author unknown.



1 ERE another sabbath close,  
Ere again we seek repose,  
Lord, our voice ascends to Thee ;  
At Thy feet we bow the knee !

2 For the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to Thee alone be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

3 Cold our services have been,—  
Mingled every prayer with sin ;  
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;  
By Thy grace alone we live !

4 By the merits of Thy Son,  
By the victory He won ;  
Pardoning grace and peace bestow,  
Whilst we journey here below.

5 While this thorny path we tread,  
May Thy love our footsteps lead !  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with Thee at last !

6 Let these earthly sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above ;  
While our pilgrim steps we bend  
To the rest which knows no end !

*Anon. (1841).*

# DISMISSAL.

Dessau.

165.

*Original.*—"Ach bleib' mit Deiner Gnade."

Vulpus, c. 1609.



- 1 ABIDE with us, our Saviour,  
Nor let Thy mercy cease,  
From Satan's might defend us,  
And grant our souls release.
- 2 Abide with us, our Saviour,  
Sustain us by Thy word :  
That we with all Thy people  
To life may be restored.
- 3 Abide with us, our Saviour,  
Thou light of endless light :  
Increase to us Thy blessings,  
And save us by Thy might.
- 4 Abide with us, our Saviour,  
O bounteous Lord of peace,  
With grace and power supply us,  
Our faith and love increase.
- 5 Abide with us, our Saviour,  
Our friend and guardian be,  
Grant us Thy help and mercy,  
And keep us true to Thee.

*Stegmann (1630).*

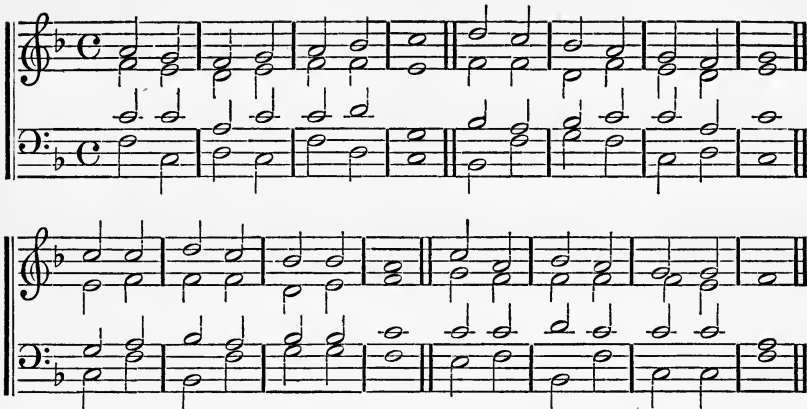


DISMISSAL.

Dublin.

166.

Modern.



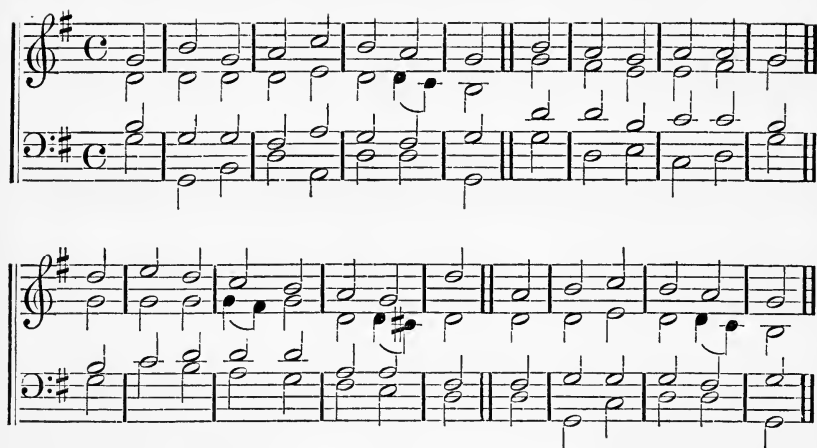
- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye  
Shines on every place the same ;  
So the Lord is always nigh  
To the souls that love His name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,  
He is with them by the way :  
He is ever with them all,  
Those who go and those who stay.
- 3 From His holy mercy-seat  
Nothing can their souls confine ;  
Still in spirit they may meet,  
And in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season call'd to part,  
Let us then ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 Jesus, hear our humble prayer !  
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
All our souls in safety keep !

*J. Newton (1779).*

# DISMISSAL.

Pulham.

167.



1 BLEST be the dear uniting love  
That will not let us part;  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where He appoints we go;  
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,  
And show His praise below.

3 Oh may we ever walk with Him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death, can part.

5 Soon will He wipe off every tear  
On Canaan's blissful shore,  
Where all who friends in Jesus are  
Shall meet to part no more.

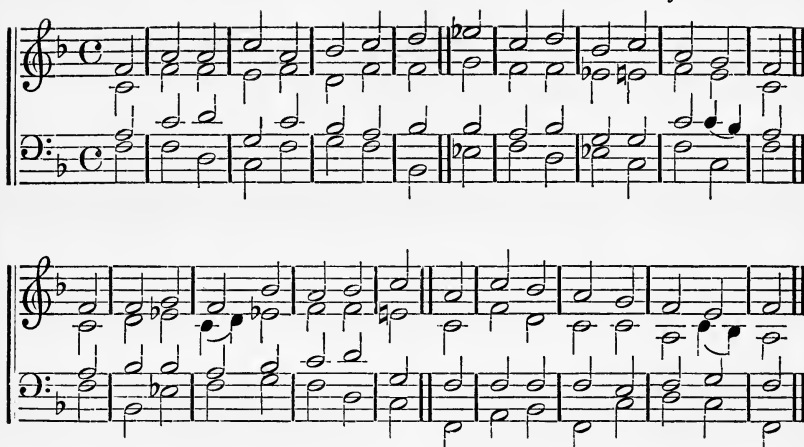
*C. Wesley (1739—1762).*

# MORNING.

Old Latin.

168.

Old Latin.  
In majestatis solio.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,<br/>Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,<br/>Thou Fountain of eternal light,<br/>Whose beams disperse the shades of night!</p> <p>2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,<br/>Shower down Thy radiance from above;<br/>And to our inward hearts convey<br/>The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.</p> <p>3 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,<br/>Subdue our flesh, our minds control;<br/>May guile depart, and discord cease,<br/>And all within be joy and peace.</p> | <p>4 Oh, hallow'd be the approaching day!<br/>Let meekness be our morning ray,<br/>And faithful love our noon-day light,<br/>And hope our sunset, calm and bright.</p> <p>5 O Christ, with each returning morn<br/>Thine image to our hearts is borne;<br/>Oh, may we ever clearly see<br/>Our Saviour and our God in Thee!</p> <p>6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,<br/>Praise Him, all creatures here below;<br/>Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,<br/>Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> |
|--|--|

*J. Chandler (1837).*

*From St Ambrose.*

MORNING.

Zürich.

169.

J. Schop (1640).



1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of righteousness, arise,  
Scatter all the shades of night ;  
Day-spring from on high, be near ;  
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by Thee ;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams we see.  
Lord, Thy inward light impart,  
Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Visit every soul of Thine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
Fill us with Thy light divine ;  
Scatter all our unbelief :  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

*Ch. Wesley (1740).*

# MORNING.

## Winchester New.

170.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun<br/>Thy daily stage of duty run ;<br/>Shake off dull sloth, and early rise<br/>To pay thy morning sacrifice.</p> <p>2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,<br/>And with the angels bear thy part,<br/>Who all night long unwearied sing<br/>Glory to the Eternal King.</p> <p>3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,<br/>And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept :<br/>Grant, Lord, when I from death shall<br/>I may of endless life partake. [wake,</p> | <p>4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;<br/>Scatter my sins as morning dew ;<br/>Guard my first springs of thought and<br/>And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,</p> <p>5 Direct, control, suggest this day<br/>All I design, or do, or say ;<br/>That all my powers, with all their<br/>In Thy sole glory may unite. [inight,</p> <p>6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;<br/>Praise Him, all creatures here below ;<br/>Praise Him above, y' angelic host ;<br/>Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> |
|--|--|

*Bishop Th. Ken (1700).*

# MORNING.

Sulzbach.

171.

*Original.*—"Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit."

C. 1700.



1 JESUS, Sun of righteousness,  
Brightest beam of love divine,  
With the early morning rays  
Do Thou on our darkness shine ;  
And dispel with purest light  
All our night.

2 Like the sun's reviving ray,  
May Thy love, with tender glow,  
All our coldness melt away,  
Warm and cheer us forth to go,  
Gladly serve Thee and obey  
All the day.

3 O our only Hope and Guide,  
Never leave us nor forsake ;  
Keep us ever at Thy side  
Till the eternal morning break,  
Moving on to Zion hill  
Homeward still.

4 Lead us all our days and years  
In Thy straight and narrow way ;  
Lead us through the vale of tears  
To the land of perfect day,  
Where Thy people, fully blest,  
Safely rest.

*K. v. Rosenroth (+ 1689).*

*Transl. taken from "Hymns from the Land of Luther."*

MORNING.

Georgia.

172.



- 1 Now the shades of night are gone,  
Now the morning light is come ;  
Lord, may we be Thine to-day,  
Drive the shades of night away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight ;  
In Thy service, Lord, to-day  
Help us labour, help us pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound,  
Save us from our foes around ;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past  
O receive us then at last !  
Night of sin will be no more  
When we reach the heavenly shore.

EVENING.

Tallis's Canon;  
or Evening Hymn.

173

From Parker's Psalter (1561).

T. Tallis.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this<br/>For all the blessings of the light! [night,<br/>Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,<br/>Beneath Thy own almighty wings!</p> | <p>4 When in the night I sleepless lie,<br/>My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;<br/>Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,<br/>No power of darkness me molest!</p>            |
| <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,<br/>The ill that I this day have done;<br/>That with the world, myself, and Thee,<br/>I, ere I sleep, at peace may be!</p>  | <p>5 Oh when shall I, in endless day,<br/>For ever chase dark sleep away,<br/>And hymns with the angelic choir<br/>Incessant sing, and never tire?</p>                       |
| <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread<br/>The grave as little as my bed;<br/>To die, that this vile body may<br/>Rise glorious at the awful day!</p>               | <p>6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;<br/>Praise Him, all creatures here below;<br/>Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;<br/>Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!</p> |

*Bishop Thomas Ken (1700).*



EVENING.

174.

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near ;  
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We love ourselves in heaven above.

*J. Keble (1827).*

EVENING.

Berg.

175.

Crassellius (+ 1724).



1 THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us :

Now we lay us down to rest,

Through the silent watches guard us,

Let no foe our peace molest :

Jesus, Thou our Guardian be !

Sweet it is to trust in Thee,

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,

Dwelling in the midst of foes,

Us and ours preserve from dangers,

In Thine arms may we repose ;

And, when life's short day is past,

Rest with Thee in heaven at last !

*Th. Kelly (1806).*

# EVENING.

Hertzog.

176.

*Original.*—"Nun sich der Tag geendet."

C. 1700.



- 1 THE day is done, the sun is set,  
Night falls with shadows deep,  
Rest for the toil-worn souls to bring,  
And rest to those who weep.
- 2 But Thou, our God, dost never sleep,  
Nor slumber day nor night ;  
The darkness cannot reach to Thee,  
For Thou art only light.
- 3 Then, Lord, do Thou remember us  
When darkness hides the sky,  
And with the shield of Thy great power  
Protect us graciously.
- 4 So shall we close our eyes in peace,  
And sleep secure from fear,  
No danger can assail us now,  
For Thou, our God, art near.

*Adam Krieger.*

*Translated by F. C. C.*

EVENING

Wandsbeck.

177.

*Original.*—"Nun ruhen alle Wälder."

H. Isaac, c. 1440.



EVENING.

1     Now all the woods are sleeping,  
       And night and stillness creeping  
       O'er city, man, and beast ;  
       But thou, my heart, awake thee,  
       To prayer awhile betake thee,  
       And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

2     Now thought and labour ceases,  
       For night the tired releases  
       And bids sweet rest begin :  
       My heart, there comes a morrow  
       Shall set thee free from sorrow  
       And all the dreary toil of sin.

3     My heavy eyes are closing ;  
       When I lie deep reposing,  
       O soul and body, where are ye ?  
       To helpless sleep I yield them,  
       O let Thy mercy shield them,  
       Thou sleepless Eye, their guardian be !

4     My Jesus, stay Thou by me,  
       And let no foe come nigh me,  
       Safe shelter'd by Thy wing ;  
       But would the foe alarm me,  
       Oh let him never harm me,  
       But still Thine angels round me sing !

5     My loved ones, rest securely,  
       From every peril surely  
       Our God will guard your heads ;  
       And happy slumbers send you,  
       And bid His hosts attend you,  
       And golden-arm'd watch o'er your beds.

*P. Gerhardt (1653).*

*Transl. taken from "Lyra Germanica" (by permission).*

# EVENING.

Loewenstein.

178.

*Original.*—"O werthes Licht der Christenheit."

c. 1630.



- 1 O HOLY fount of light on high,  
O Trinity in unity,  
Now in the darkness of the night  
O fill our hearts with heavenly light.
- 2 At morn we thank Thee for Thy care,  
At evening lift to Thee our prayer,  
And humble songs of grateful praise  
To Thee through all our life we raise.
- 3 All praise and honour render'd be  
To Thee, O blessed Trinity ;  
Creator, Saviour, Comforter,  
O keep our souls for evermore.

*A. v. Loewenstein (+1648).*

*Transl. by F. C. C.*

EVENING.

Thanet.

179.



- 1 ERE I sleep, for every favour,  
Which my God  
Hath bestow'd,  
I will bless my Saviour.
- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render  
Unto Thee ?  
Thou shalt be  
Thi night my defender.
- 3 Thou my Rock, my Strength, and Tower,  
While I sleep,  
Deign to keep  
Watch from hour to hour.
- 4 Visit me with Thy salvation,  
Be Thou near,  
That Thy care  
Guard my habitation.

EVENING.

Brunswick.

180.

*Original.*—"Werde munter, mein Gemüthe."

J. Schop (+ 1660).





## EVENING.

1 Now awake, my soul, my senses\*,  
    Raise, my heart, a grateful lay;  
Praise the Lord, whose grace and mercy  
    Thou hast proved through all the day.  
Praise the goodness and the love  
Watching o'er thee from above,  
From so many ills defending,  
Ever blessing and befriending.

2 Lord, I humbly ask forgiveness  
    For each word and deed of sin,  
Every evil thought and feeling  
    Lingering my heart within.  
Satan seeks my soul to snare,  
Plunge in ruin and despair :—  
Ah, Thou only canst deliver,  
Save me from his power for ever!

3 O Thou fount of Light eternal,  
    Sun of each believing heart,  
Take me to Thy kind protection,  
    Thou my guide and guardian art.  
Now, while midnight shadows fall,  
Let Thy presence shine through all,  
From my soul and from my dwelling  
Clouds of gloom and fear dispelling.

4 Father, now the supplication  
    Of Thy child and servant hear;  
Jesus, God of my salvation,  
    Let me feel Thee ever near;  
Blessed Comforter divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine :  
Now Amen ! though foes oppress me,  
God, my God, will hear and bless me.

*J. Rist (+ 1667).  
Translated by H. L. L.*

EVENING.

Ratisbon.

181.

From Werner's New Sax. Chor. Bk. (1815).



1 SAFELY through another week  
God has brought us on our way ;  
Let us now a blessing seek  
On th' appointed Sabbath-day :  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour  
Through the week our praise demand ;  
Guarded by Almighty power,  
Fed and guided by His hand :  
Though ungrateful we have been,  
Only made returns of sin.

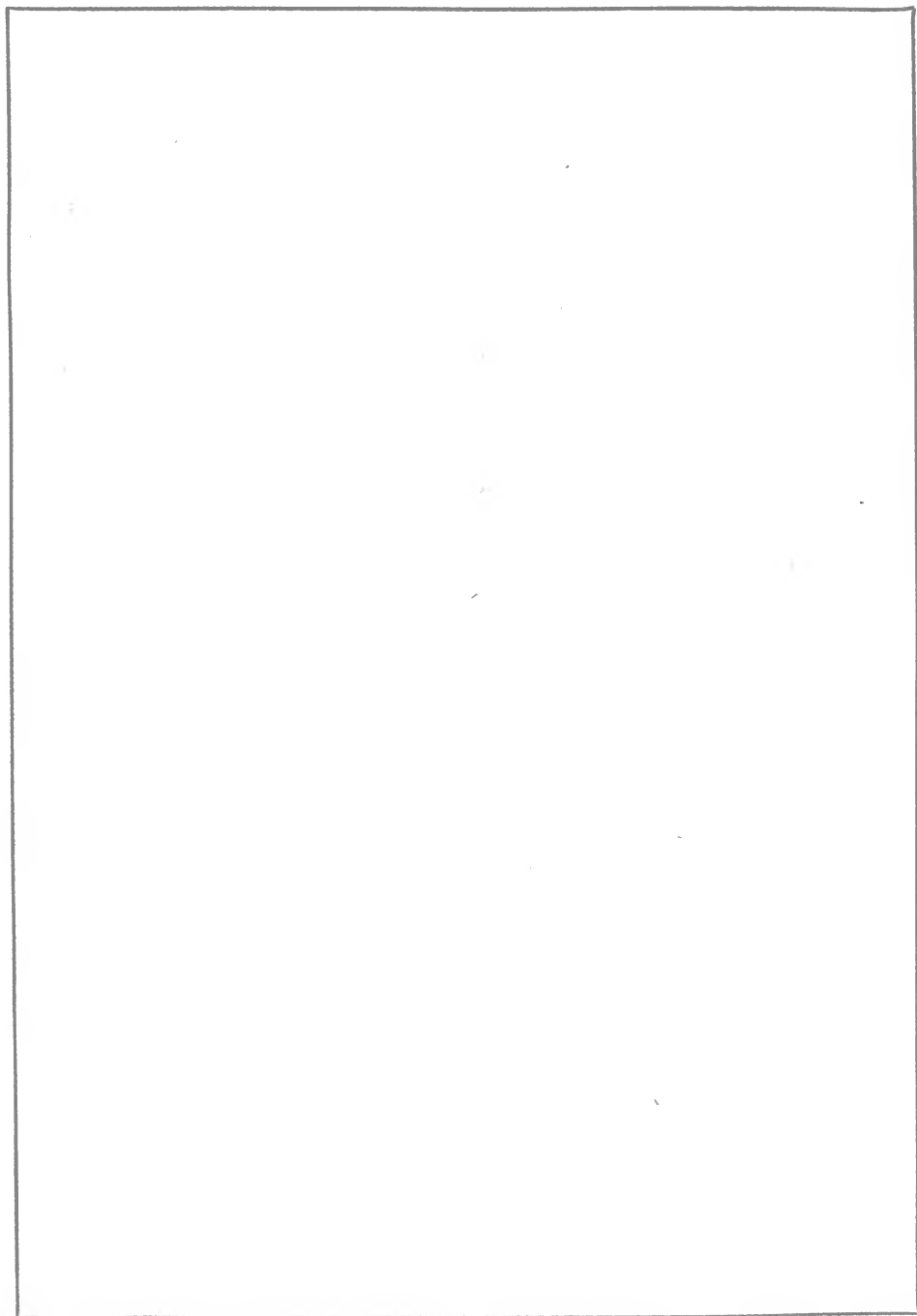
3 While we pray for pardoning grace  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show Thy reconciled face,  
Take away our sin and shame :  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we ever rest with Thee.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints :  
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above !

*J. Newton* (1779).

## II. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

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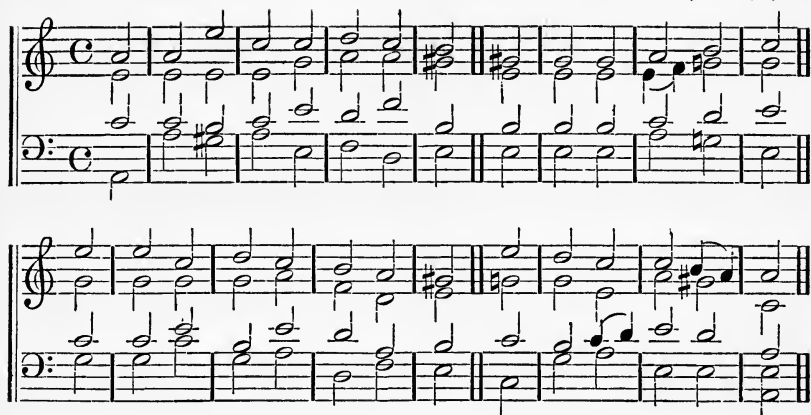


# PENITENCE.

Sion.

182.

H. Purcell (+ 1695).



- 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away  
From them that lowly lie,  
Lamenting sore their sinful life,  
With tears and bitter cry.
- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide  
To them that mourn their sin ;  
O shut them not against us, Lord,  
But let us enter in.
- 3 O call us not to strict account  
How we have sojourn'd here ;  
For then our guilty conscience knows  
How vile we must appear.
- 4 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek,  
This is our only prayer ;  
In mercy, Lord, is all our hope,  
O let Thy mercy spare.

*Variation by Bishop R. Heber (1827).*

*From J. Mardley (1562).*

# PENITENCE.

Liguria.

183.

Original by Ambrosius (+397),  
altered by Luther (1525).



1 WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Gracious Son of David, hear !

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;  
Thou hast shed the human tear ;—  
Gracious Son of David, hear !

3 Thou hast bow'd the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier ;—  
Gracious Son of David, hear !

4 When the heart is sad within  
With the sense of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Gracious Son of David, hear !

5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own,  
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear ;—  
Gracious Son of David, hear !

*H. Milman (1827).*

# PENITENCE.

Brandenburg.

184.

*Original.*—"Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich."

C. 1524.



1 IN deep distress I cry to Thee,  
O Lord my God, now hear me,  
Bow down Thy gracious ear to me,  
And let my cry come near Thee.  
If Thou, O Lord, should be extreme  
To mark how sinful we have been,  
Oh, who can stand before Thee ?

2 No worth have we Thy grace to win,  
And all our labour faileth,  
Thy love alone can cleanse our sin,  
No work of ours availeth.  
No room for boasting yet had we,  
Thy grace alone can set us free,  
Thy mercy all sustaineth.

3 Though sin with us doth much abound,  
Thy grace aboundeth ever,  
Sufficient help in Thee is found,  
Thy love doth weary never.  
For Thou our Shepherd art indeed,  
Who on the cross for us didst bleed,  
That we might live for ever.

*Luther* (+1546). *Transl. by F. C. G.*

# PENITENCE.

Bremen.

185.

Neumark (1657).



1

O LORD, our sin to heaven ascendeth,  
O let our prayer ascend on high :  
Since Thy compassion never endeth,  
To Thee, the Lord our God, we cry :  
O let Thy mercy, truth, and grace, [place.  
Shine forth from heaven, Thy dwelling-

2

Remember not our great transgression,  
But wound our hearts with holy grief :  
Hear us who make to Thee confession,  
Hear and descend to our relief.  
Lord, by Thy grace our souls sustain,  
Nor let Thy foes within us reign.

3

Thee would we love and seek Thy glory,  
But all is weak and frail within :  
Our souls for heavenly aid implore Thee,  
Subdue the rising powers of sin.  
If Thou, O Christ, for us appear,  
We yield no more to faithless fear.

4

The bruised reed Thou ne'er hast broken,  
Thou never didst the poor disdain :  
The gracious words by mercy spoken  
Shall ne'er return all void and vain.  
O Son of David, hear, we pray,  
Forgive our sins, direct our way.

*A. T. Russell (1848).*



# PENITENCE.

Carlsbad.

186.

*Original.*—"Sieh hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig."

C. 1744.



1

HERE behold me, as I cast me  
At Thy throne, O glorious King !  
Tears fast thronging, childlike longing,  
Son of Man, to Thee I bring.  
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee !  
Me a poor and worthless thing.

2

Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,  
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine ;  
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought  
Only Thee to know I pine : [me,  
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee !  
Take my heart and grant me Thine.

3

Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,  
But Thy grace so rich and free,  
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,  
And who truly cleave to Thee :  
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee !  
He hath all things who hath Thee.

4

Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,  
Glorious name, or richest hoard,  
Are but weary, void and dreary,  
To the heart that longs for God :  
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee !  
I am ready, mighty Lord.

*Joach. Neander (1629).*

*Translation taken from "Lyra Germanica."*

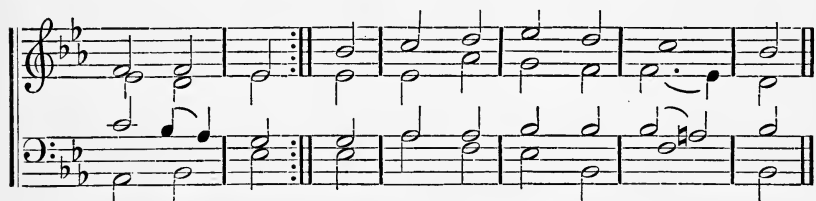
PENITENCE.

Guben.

187.

*Original.*—"Wie soll ich Dich."

C. 1700.



## PENITENCE.

1 How shall I meet my Saviour ?

How shall I welcome Thee ?

What manner of behaviour

Is now required of me ?

I wait for Thy salvation ;

Grant me Thy Spirit's light,

Thus will my preparation

Be pleasing in Thy sight.

2 No sinful man's endeavour,

Nor any mortal's care,

Could draw Thy sovereign favour

To sinners in despair ;

Uncall'd Thou camest with gladness

Us from the fall to raise,

And change our grief and sadness

To songs of joy and praise.

3 Ye, who with deep contrition

Bemoan your sinful state,

Fear not, Christ gives remission

Of sins, however great.

He comes repenting sinners

With life and love to crown,

And make them happy winners

Of glory like His own.

*Transl. from the German of P. Gerhardt (+1676).*

PENITENCE.

Arnold.

188.

*Original.*—"O Durchbrecher aller."

Freylinghausen (1704).

## PENITENCE.

- 1 THOU, who breakest every fetter,  
Thou, who art for ever near,  
Thou, with whom all shame and sorrow  
Are as heaven even here,—  
Conquer Thou our earthly nature  
With the strong arm of Thy might,  
Lead us from the house of bondage,  
O Thou glorious, guiding light.
- 2 Rule, Thou Might! Thou Conqueror, conquer!  
Reign, Thou King! go forth to war,  
Till Thy kingdom is victorious,  
And till slavery is no more.  
Bring the captives forth from prison,  
Ransom'd by Thy covenant-blood;  
Take away our weight of sadness;  
Thou hast made us all for good.
- 3 Oh how glorious was the ransom  
Given to make us pure and free!  
Deep and true as was Thy passion  
Must our purifying be.  
Holy, stainless, free and perfect,  
In the kingdom of the Lord  
Shall the saved ones stand in glory,  
The redeemed and restored.
- 4 Lord, give us Thy deep communion,  
May we in Thy life arise,  
Guided onward by Thy glory  
To the heights of Paradise.  
Deepen through the kindling heavens  
Dawn of the immortal day!  
As a dream shall heaven entrance us,  
And shall never pass away.

*Gottfried Arnold (1666—1714).*

*Translation from "Songs of Eternal Life," by E. F. B.*

# SUPPLICATION.

Manheim.

189.

German.



1 GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrims through this desert land !  
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold us with Thy powerful hand !  
Bread of heaven !  
Feed us till we want no more !

2 Open now the living Fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy Pillar  
Lead us all our journey through !  
Strong Deliverer !  
Be Thou still our strength and shield !

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid our anxious fears subside ;  
Thou, who art of death the victor,  
Land us safe on Canaan's side !  
Songs of praises  
We will ever give to Thee !

*W. Williams (1774).*

## SUPPLICATION.

190.

- 1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee ;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;  
Heavenward as our steps are tending,  
Pleasures give that never cloy :  
Thus provided,  
Pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

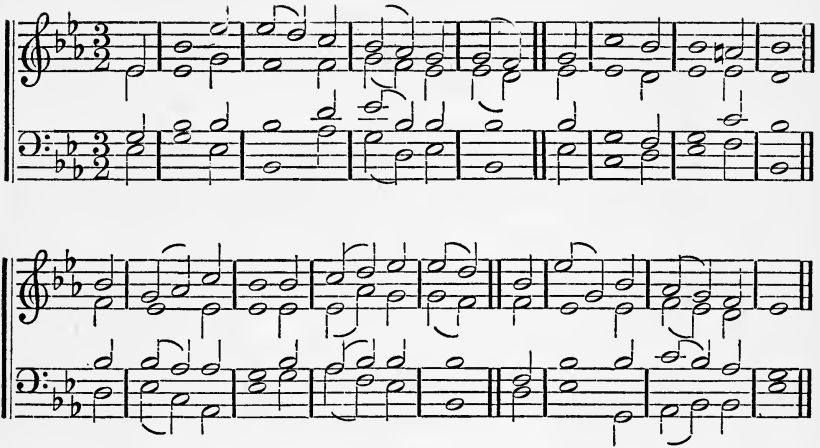
*J. Edmeston (1820).*

# SUPPLICATION.

Abridge.

191.

Is. Smith (1770).



1 OH for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from guilt set free,—  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me ;—

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone ;—

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within ;—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And fill'd with love divine,  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love !



# SUPPLICATION.

St. Ann's.

192.

Croft (+ 1727).



1 SHEPHERD of Israel, from above

Thy feeble flock behold ;

And let us never lose Thy love,

Nor wander from Thy fold.

2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away,

Thy hand is ever near,

To guide them, lest they go astray,

And keep them safe from fear.

3 Thy tender care supports the weak,

And will not let them fall ;

Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to

And on Thy name to call. [speak,

4 We want Thy help, for we are frail,

Thy light, for we are blind ;

Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,

To prove that Thou art kind.

5 Teach us the things we ought to know,

And may we find them true ;

And still in stature as we grow,

Increase in wisdom too.

6 Guide us through life, and when at last

We enter into rest,

Thy tender arms around us cast,

And fold us to Thy breast.

Will. H. Bathurst (1831).

## SUPPLICATION.

Bedford.

193.

W. Wheale, c. 1729.



- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear ;  
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 God of all grace, we come to Thee  
With humble, contrite hearts ;  
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts :
- 3 Faith in the only sacrifice  
That can for sin atone ;  
To rest our hope and fix our eyes  
On Christ, and Christ alone.
- 4 With deep humility we pray,  
And own our grievous sin :  
O God of grace, Thy power display,  
And make us pure within !

## SUPPLICATION.

Martyrdom.

194.

Rev. W. Jones (+ 1800).



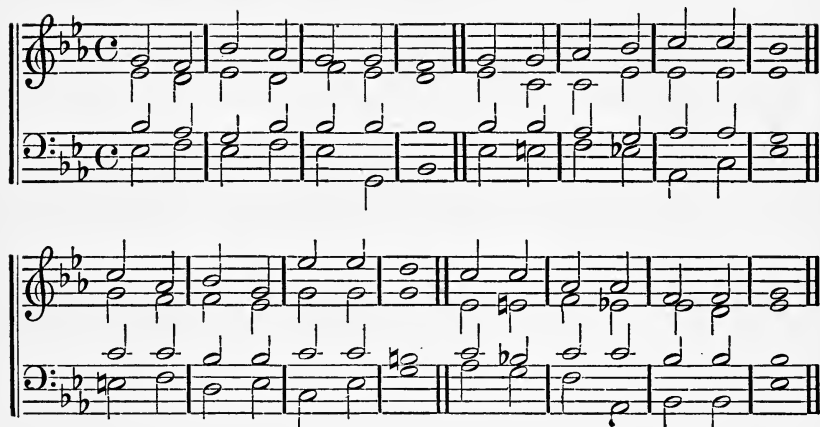
- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
There humbly fall before His feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place !  
That, shelter'd near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, " Thou hast died."
- 4 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious name.

# SUPPLICATION.

Kiel.

195.

Dr A. Romberg (+ 1821).



- 1 LORD of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the life and light,  
Maker, Teacher infinite,  
Blessed Jesu, hear and save !
- 2 Thou, when sin's primeval doom  
Gave creation to the tomb,  
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb ;  
Blessed Jesu, hear and save !
- 3 Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords and King of kings,  
Blessed Jesu, hear and save !
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
Hear us now and hear us then ;  
Blessed Jesu, hear and save !

# SUPPLICATION.

Nassau.

196

*Original.*—"Mache dich, mein Geist."

Rosenmüller, c. 1650.



1 O MY spirit, wake, prepare,  
Many foes assail thee :  
Many foes would thee ensnare,  
Earthly aid will fail thee.  
Lift thine eyes  
To the skies,  
Thence in all temptation  
Seek aid and salvation.

2 Watch and pray, so God on high  
Ever shall defend thee :  
To thy prayers He shall reply,  
He sure help shall send thee.  
Seek alone  
From His throne  
In thy supplication  
Strength and consolation.

3 But a moment lasts the strife :  
Lo ! the joy endureth !  
Jesus everlasting life  
To His fold ensureth.  
By His aid  
Conquerors made,  
Unto us is given  
Rest—the rest of heaven

*Freistein, c. 1720.*

*Translation by Russell.*

# SUPPLICATION.

Weimar.

197.

Attributed by Werner to Vulpinus (c. 1511);  
by Taylor to Telemann (+ 1767).



## SUPPLICATION.

- 1 JESU, refuge of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name ;  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
False and full of sin I am ;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within :  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

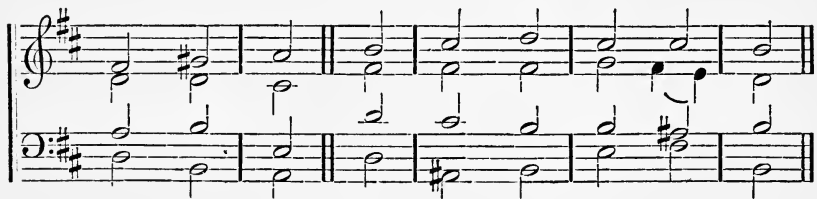
*Charles Wesley (1739).*

SUPPLICATION.

Heermann.

198.

Seb. Bach (+1750).





## SUPPLICATION.

- 1 O GREAT and gracious God,  
Of every good the Giver,  
Creating all at first,  
Upholding all for ever !  
Grant me a body free  
From sad disease or pain,—  
A soul from sin redeem'd,  
A conscience without stain.
- 2 What Thou dost call to do  
Let me be ever doing,  
The task Thou shalt appoint  
With diligence pursuing ;  
Teach me the time, the way,  
Thy purpose to fulfil,  
And then the blessing give,—  
So shall I prosper still.
- 3 When dangers rise around,  
Then keep me from despairing,  
With holy courage fill'd,  
The cross in patience bearing.  
By gentleness and love  
May I each foe subdue,  
And find in time of need  
True friends and counsel true.
- 4 Let me, when death is nigh,  
Remember Jesus dying,  
And so in peace depart,  
On His sure love relying.  
Then may my soul with joy  
Before Thy face appear,  
And grant my dust a grave  
Beside Thy people here.
- 5 And on that solemn day,  
When all the dead are waking,  
Stretch o'er my grave Thy hand,  
Its gates and barriers breaking.  
Then shall I hear Thy voice,  
These eyes my Saviour see,  
And soul and body dwell  
In bliss at home with Thee !

*J. Heermann* (+1647). *Transl. by H. L. L.*

SUPPLICATION.

St Faith's.

199.

German.



- 1 O LORD, my Redeemer,  
Increase my love and faith ;  
Save me from the power  
Of Satan, sin, and death.
- 2 O Jesus, my Shepherd,  
Be Thou my staff and guide ;  
Let Thy grace assist me  
To crucify my pride.
- 3 O Lord, hear my prayer,  
Whene'er to Thee I cry ;  
Nor in death forsake me,  
And land me safe on high.

# SUPPLICATION.

Detmold.

200.

German.



1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !

2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !

4 And when on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !

5 Christ alone beareth me  
Where Thou dost shine,  
Joint-heir He maketh me  
Of the divine.  
In Christ my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

S. F. Adams (1840).

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Leoni.

201.

Ancient Hebr. Mel.



## PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 1 THE God of Abram praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love.  
Jehovah, great I AM,  
By earth and heaven contest,  
I bow and bless the sacred Name  
For ever blest.
  
- 2 The God of Abram praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At His right hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
And Him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.
  
- 3 The God of Abram praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days  
In all my ways :  
He calls a worm His friend ;  
He calls Himself my God ;  
And He shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesu's blood.

*Thomas Olivers (1772).*

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

London New.

202.

Scotch Psalter (1635).



1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !

Let angels prostrate fall :

Bring forth a royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,

Who from His altar call :

Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,

And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,

A remnant weak and small,

Hail Him who saves you by His grace,

And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall ;

Go, spread your trophies at His feet,

And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,

On this terrestrial ball,

To Him all majesty ascribe,

And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,

We at His feet may fall ;

There join the everlasting song,

And crown Him Lord of all.

*E. O. Perronet (1785).*

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

York Minster.

203.



1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb !  
Wake every heart and every tongue  
To praise the Saviour's name !

2 Sing of His dying love,  
Sing of His rising power ;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For us whose sins He bore !

3 Ye pilgrims on the road  
To Zion's city, sing ;  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,  
In Christ the Eternal King !

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
" Ye blessed children, come ! "  
Soon will He call us hence away  
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptured tongues  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

*Variation from W. Hammond (1745),*

*By Martin Madan (1760).*

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

St James.

*cm*  
204.

R. Courtville (1680).



- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may sinners, vile as he,  
Wash all their guilt away.
- 3 Redeeming Lord, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 May we, by faith, behold the stream  
Thy healing wounds supply ;  
Then love divine shall be our theme  
From henceforth till we die.

W. Cowper (1779).



PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

205.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb, that died," they cry,  
" To be exalted thus ; "  
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
" For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine :  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine !
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise !
- 5 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb ! .

*Isaac Watts (1709).*

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Mühlheim.

206.

C. 1700.



PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 07
- 1 HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus !  
Hail, Thou Galilean King !  
Thou didst suffer to release us,  
Thou didst free salvation bring :  
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame ;  
By Thy merits we find favour ;  
Life is given through Thy Name !
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid !  
By Almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made !  
All Thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of Thy blood !  
Open'd is the gate of heaven !  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God !
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide !  
All the heavenly host adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side !  
There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
There Thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive !  
Loudest praises without ceasing  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays !  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits !  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

*J. Bakewell (1760).*

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Hanover.

207.

Händel (+ 1759).



1 YE servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful name;  
The name all-victorious  
Of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save;  
And still He is nigh;  
His presence we have:  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.

3 Then let us adore,  
And give Him His right,  
All glory and power,  
And wisdom and might;  
All honour and blessing  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.

Charles Wesley (+ 1762).

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Bodmin,  
or Croft's 148th.

208.

Croft (+ 1727).



1 Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore !  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless Thy name ;  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came ;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 I love my Shepherd's voice ;  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wandering soul among  
The thousands of His sheep :  
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

4 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offer'd His blood and died ;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside :  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

*Isaac Watts (1709).*

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Salzburg.

209.

S. Bach (+1750).

1 God of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy face,  
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;  
Fill Thy Church with light divine,  
And Thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,  
Be by all that live adored,  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King ;  
At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;  
God to man His blessing give,  
Man to God devoted live ;  
All below and all above  
One in joy and light and love.

*H. Lyte (1847).*

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Falk.

210.



1 PRAISE and blessing, Lord, be given  
Unto Thee, our hope, our all ;  
Lord Almighty ! earth and heaven  
Low before Thy presence fall.

2 All creation Thou sustainest,  
Father, with Thy powerful hand :  
Thou, O Jesu, ever reignest,  
Ever shall Thy kingdom stand.

3 Holy Spirit, who restorest  
All within to life divine,  
Heavenly light on earth Thou pourest,  
Thou dost on our darkness shine.

4 Holy Father, we confess Thee ;  
With the Son we Thee adore :  
We, O Spirit ! laud and bless Thee,  
God o'er all for evermore !

*A. T. Russell.*

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Wittenberg.

211.

*Original.*—"Nun danket alle Gott."

M. Rinkart (+1649).



1 Now thank we all our God,  
With heart and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom this world rejoices;  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath bless'd us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplex'd,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God  
The Father now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With them in highest heaven;  
The One eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore:  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore!

Paul Gerhardt (+1676).

*Transl. (by permission) from "Lyra Germanica."*



# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Neander.

212.

*Original.*—"Lobe den Herren."

J. Neander (+1680).



- 1 PRAISE to Jehovah ! the almighty King of Creation,  
Swell heaven's chorus, chime in every heart, every nation !

O my soul, awake,  
Harp, lute, and psaltery take,  
Sound forth in glad adoration !

- 2 Praise to Jehovah ! whose love o'er thy course is attending,  
Redeeming thy life, and thee from all evil defending.

Through all the past,  
O my soul, over thee cast,  
His sheltering wings were bending.

- 3 Praise to Jehovah ! whose fence has been planted around thee,  
Who, from His heavens, with blessing and mercy has crown'd thee.

Think, happy one,  
What He can do, and has done,  
Since in His pity He found thee.

- 4 Praise to Jehovah ! all that has breath, praise Him, sing praises ;  
Bless God, O my soul, and all that is in me, sing praises.

In Him rejoice,  
Until for ever thy voice  
Songs of eternity raises.

*Joachim Neander (+1680).*

*Transl. taken from "Hymns from the Land of Luther."*

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Worms.

213.

*Original.*—"Ein' feste Burg ist."

Luther (1529).

The musical score is written for a two-part setting. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation uses a treble clef for the upper part and a bass clef for the lower part. The melody is carried by the upper part, featuring a mix of quarter, eighth, and half notes, with some rests. The lower part provides a steady harmonic foundation with mostly quarter and half notes. There are repeat signs in the second system, indicating a first and second ending. The piece ends with a final double bar line in the fourth system.

## PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 1 A SURE stronghold our God is He,  
A trusty shield and weapon ;  
Our help He'll be and set us free  
From every ill can happen.  
That old malicious foe  
Intends us deadly woe :  
Arm'd with the strength of hell  
And deepest craft as well,  
On earth is not his fellow.
- 2 Through our own force we nothing can,  
Straight were we lost for ever,  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
By God sent to deliver.  
Ask ye who this may be ?  
Christ Jesus named is He,  
Of Sabaoth the Lord,  
Sole God to be adored ;—  
'Tis He must win the battle.
- 3 And were the world with devils fill'd,  
All eager to devour us,  
Our souls to fear should little yield,  
They cannot overpower us.  
Their dreaded Prince no more  
Can harm us as of yore ;  
Look grim as e'er he may,  
Doom'd is his ancient sway ;  
A word can overthrow him.
- 4 Still shall they leave that Word His might,  
And yet no thanks shall merit ;  
Still is He with us in the fight  
By His good gifts and Spirit.  
E'en should they take our life,  
Goods, honour, children, wife—  
Though all of these be gone,  
Yet nothing have they won,  
God's kingdom ours abideth !

*Luther (1530).*

*Transl. by permission from "Lyra Germanica."*

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Haarlem.

214.

Ad. Drese (1680).



1  
THANKS, O Jesu, be,  
Thanks and praise to Thee !  
Lord, Thy blood for us hath flowèd ;  
Such the love on us bestowèd !  
Thanks, O Jesu, be,  
Thanks and praise to Thee.

2  
In all grief and pain  
Thou dost not disdain  
Us to bless with consolation,  
Thou, whose Name is our salvation.  
Thanks, O Jesu, be, .  
Thanks and praise to Thee !

3  
Thou art ever near  
Us to guide and cheer,  
Thou our souls from ill protecting,  
Thou our erring feet directing.  
Thanks, O Jesu, be,  
Thanks and praise to Thee !

4  
Lord, prepare our way  
To eternal day,  
Thou whose wondrous death hath given  
To us all the rest of heaven !  
Thanks, O Jesu, be,  
Thanks and praise to Thee !

*A. T. Russell (1851).*

## PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

215.

1     O ETERNAL Word,  
       Jesus Christ, our Lord !  
While the hosts of heaven adore Thee,  
We with awe fall down before Thee,  
       And with rapture raise  
       Songs of love and praise.

2     God and man indeed,  
       Comfort in all need !  
Thou hast died, us to deliver,  
And from death to save for ever !  
       Thanks, O Jesu, be,  
       Thanks and praise to Thee !

3     Highest King and Priest,  
       Prophet, Lord, and Christ !  
Source of peace and consolation,  
Life and light and full salvation !  
       Lord, to Thee we raise  
       Songs of love and praise.

4     Had we angels' tongues,  
       With seraphic songs,  
Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,  
Lord our God, we would adore Thee,  
       And with rapture raise  
       Songs of love and praise.

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Turin.

216.

*Original.*—"Allein Gott in der Höh'."

Based upon a Chorale of the Latin Church ;—  
in the present form by Kugelmann (1540).



1 To God on high all glory be,  
And thanks, that He's so gracious,  
That hence to all eternity  
No evil shall oppress us :  
His word declares good-will to man,  
On earth is peace restored again  
Through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2 O Jesus Christ, enthroned on high,  
The Father's Son beloved,  
By whom lost sinners are brought nigh,  
And guilt and curse removed ;  
Thou Lamb, who deign'st for us to bleed,  
Do Thou befriend us in our need,  
Have mercy on us, Jesus.

3 O Comforter, God, Holy Ghost,  
Thou source of consolation,  
From Satan's power Thou wilt, we trust,  
Protect Christ's congregation.  
His everlasting truth assert,  
All evil graciously avert,  
Lead us to life eternal.

*Nic. Decius* (1524).

# PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Eisleben.

217.

*Original.*—"Heiliger, heiliger."

Störl, c. 1700.



1 HOLY Lord, holy Lord,  
Holy and almighty Lord,  
Thou who as the great Creator  
By all creatures art adored;  
Source of universal nature,  
And to man, redeem'd with Jesus' blood,  
Gracious God, gracious God.

2 Thanks and praise, thanks and praise,  
Lord our God, be ever Thine,  
That Thy word to us was given,  
Teaching us with power divine.  
That the Lord of earth and heaven,  
Everlasting life for us to gain,  
Once was slain, once was slain.

3 Day nor night, day nor night  
Never let us hold our peace;  
In this blood-bought congregation  
Never shall His praises cease:  
God as man, made an oblation,  
Suffer'd, bled, and died, my soul, for thee,  
Joyful be, joyful be!

4 Lord our God, Lord our God,  
May Thy precious, saving word,  
Till our race is here completed,  
Light unto our feet afford;  
And when in Thy presence seated,  
We to Thee will render for Thy grace  
Ceaseless praise, ceaseless praise!

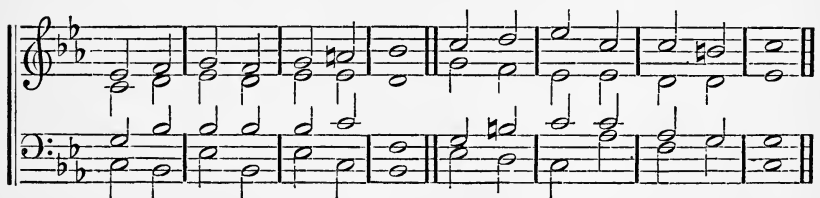
PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Schop.

218.

*Original.*—"Sollt' ich meinem Gott."

J. Schop (+1660).





## PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

1 CAN I fail my God to praise,  
Or to Him not thankful be,  
When I see through all my days  
How He watcheth over me ?  
Is it nought but mercy free,  
That His loving care doth move,  
To sustain with endless love  
All that seek His own to be ?  
All things here their limit see—  
God's love lasts eternally.

2 Was it not in love He gave  
Once His dear and only Son,  
That my soul might from the grave  
By His precious blood be won ?  
O Thou fountain fathomless !  
Help my feeble spirit now  
All the depth and height to know  
Of Thy love and tenderness.  
All things here their limit see—  
God's love lasts eternally.

3 And His Spirit, heavenly guide,  
Doth He give me by His word,  
Still within me to abide  
Through my journey heavenward,  
Quickening the life He gave,  
Brightening the light of faith,  
Triumphing o'er sin and death  
And the terrors of the grave.  
All things here their limit see—  
God's love lasts eternally.

*P. Gerhardt (+1676).*

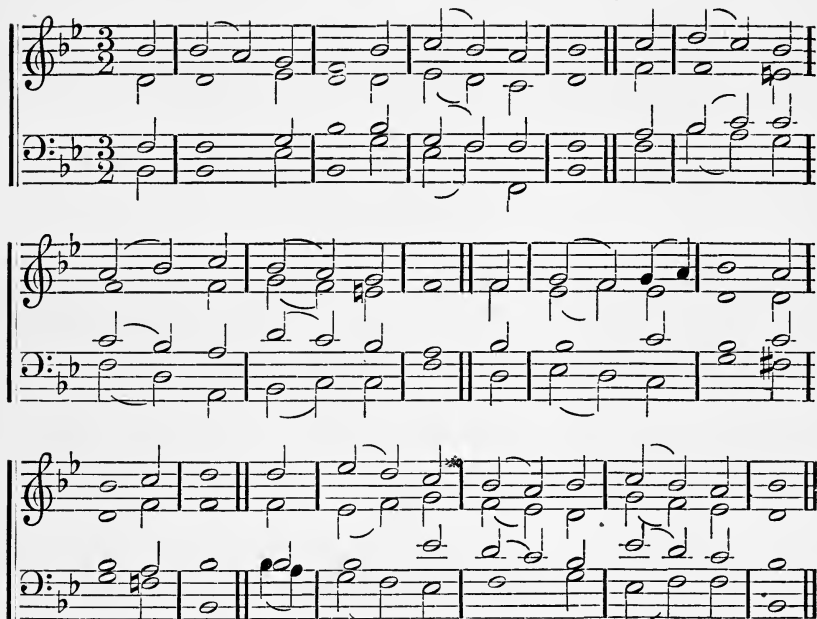
*Transl. by F. C. C.*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Wareham.

219.

Knapp (1698, + 1768).



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 JESU, Thy blood and righteousness<br/>My beauty are, my glorious dress !<br/>Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,<br/>With joy shall I lift up my head.</p> <p>2 When from the dust of death I rise<br/>To claim my mansion in the skies,<br/>Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,<br/>Jesus hath lived and died for me.</p> | <p>3 This spotless robe the same appears<br/>When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;<br/>No age can change its lovely hue ;<br/>Its glory is for ever new.</p> <p>4 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,<br/>Let the whole world Thy mercy prove ;<br/>Now let Thy word o'er all prevail,<br/>Now take the spoils of death and hell.</p> <p>5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice ;<br/>Now bid Thy banish'd ones rejoice ;<br/>Their beauty this, their glorious dress,<br/>Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.</p> |
|--|---|

*Transl. from Zinzendorf by J. Wesley (1731).*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Colchester.\*

220.



- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on ;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power ;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued ;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The armour of your God :
- 4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold your vict'ry won,  
And stand complete at last.

\* By permission, from the Rev. W. Mercer's collection.

Wesley (1731).

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Ambrose.

221.

Ravenscroft (1621).



- 1 JESU, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast ;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek !
- 3 Jesu ! who dost all hearts below  
With life and light inspire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
All that we can desire :
- 4 Jesu ! our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be ;  
Jesu ! be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

St Paul, or Bristol.

222.

J. Clarke (+ 1707).



- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here ;"  
This may distress the worldling's mind ;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"  
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"  
We seek a city out of sight,  
Zion its name, the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 4 Zion ! Jehovah is her strength !  
Secure she smiles at all her foes ;  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !  
Had I the pinions of the dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

Thomas Kelly (1812—1836).

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Tytherton.

223.

T. West (+1826).



1 Our times are in Thy hand !  
 Father, we wish them there ;  
 Our life, our soul, our all, we leave  
 Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand,  
 Whatever they may be,  
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
 As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand,  
 Why should we doubt or fear ?  
 A Father's hand will never cause  
 His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand,  
 Jesus the crucified !  
 The hand our many sins had pierced,  
 Is now our guard and guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand,  
 Jesus the Advocate !  
 Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain,  
 For us to supplicate.

6 Our times are in Thy hand ;  
 We'd always trust in Thee,  
 Till we have left this weary land,  
 And all Thy glory see.

*Ryle.*

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

St Andrew's.

224.

J. Freylinghausen (+ 1739).



1 TRUST on, trust on, believer,  
Though long the conflict be,  
'Thou yet shalt prove victorious,  
Thy God shall fight for thee.

2 Trust on, trust on ! thy failings  
May bow thee to the dust ;  
Yet, in the deepest sorrow,  
Oh ! give not up thy trust.

3 Jesus is strong to save thee !  
He is a faithful friend :  
Trust on, trust on, believer !  
Trust Jesus to the end.

*E. W.*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Kittel.

225.

J. Chr. Kittel (1780).



1 O LORD, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on Thee,  
If we from self could rest;  
And feel, at heart, that One above,  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.

2 Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God;  
Then rise with lighten'd cheer,  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famish'd raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.

3 How far from this our daily life,  
Ever disturb'd by anxious strife,  
By sudden, wild alarms:  
Oh could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thine almighty arms!

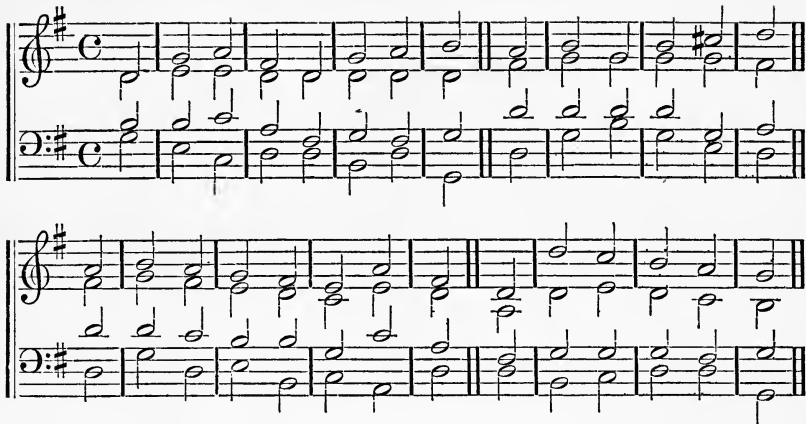
*J. Keble (1827—1857).*



FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Nottingham.

226.



- 1 My God, the source of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights ;
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
And whispers I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way  
T' embrace my gracious Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death  
I'd break through every foe ;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Should bear me conqueror through.

*Is. Watts (1709).*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Silverstone.\*

227.

T. M. Mudie (1853).



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O HOLY Saviour, friend unseen,<br/>The faint, the weak on Thee may lean ;<br/>Help us, throughout life's varying scene,<br/>By faith to cling to Thee.</p> <p>2 Blest with communion so divine,<br/>Take what Thou wilt, shall we repine,<br/>When, as the branches to the vine,<br/>Our souls may cling to Thee ?</p> | <p>3 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,<br/>We ask not, need not aught beside :<br/>How safe, how calm, how satisfied<br/>The souls that cling to Thee !</p> <p>4 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,<br/>Since Thou art near, and strong to save ;<br/>Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,<br/>Because they cling to Thee.</p> <p>5 Blest is our lot, whate'er befall :<br/>What can disturb us, who appal,<br/>While, as our strength, our rock, our all,<br/>Saviour ! we cling to Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

*Ch. Elliott (1836).*

\* By permission from "Dr Maurice's Choral Harmony."

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

228.

- 1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,  
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting-place,  
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me !
- 3 When I have err'd and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me !
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away ;  
O say, Thou plead'st for me.

*Ch. Elliott (1837).*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Liguria.

229.

Original by Ambrosius (+ 397);  
altered by Luther (1525).



- 1 WHEN we cannot see our way,  
Let us trust and still obey;  
He who bids us forward go  
Cannot fail the way to show.
- 2 Though the sea be deep and wide,  
Though a passage seem denied;  
Fearless let us still proceed,  
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
- 3 Though it seems the gloom of night,  
Though we see no ray of light;  
Since the Lord Himself is there,  
'Tis not meet that we should fear.
- 4 Night with Him is never night,  
Where He is, there all is light;  
When He calls us, why delay?  
They are happy who obey.
- 5 Be it ours then, while we're here,  
Him to follow without fear!  
Where He calls us, there to go,  
What He bids us, that to do.

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Winkler.

230.

*Original.*—"Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade."

Moravian (1735).



- 1 THOU must wrestle, when God's mercy  
Calleth and converteth thee,  
That thy spirit from its burden  
May be set for ever free.
- 2 Wrestle, for the way is narrow,  
And the path of life is straight :  
Combat, though thy life thou givest  
To attain the heavenly gate.
- 3 Mortify thine own corruptions,  
Yield thy members not to sin,  
For the light of grace is quenched  
When sin's darkness reigns within.
- 4 Wrestle on, the time is hastening  
When thy Bridegroom thou shalt see,  
Out of all thy tribulation  
More than conqueror thou shalt be.

*Joh. Jos. Winkler (+ 1722).*

*Transl. by E. T. L.*

## FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

St Peter's.

231.

A. R. Reinagle (1862).



- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Jesus, the Rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death !

*J. Newton (1779).*

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

232.

- 1 LORD, it is not for us to care  
Whether we die or live;  
To love and serve Thee is our share,  
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long—our days are blest  
When they are spent for Thee;  
If short our course—we sooner rest,  
From sin and trouble free.
- 3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet  
Thy blessèd face to see;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?
- 4 Then we shall end our sad complaints,  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 5 Our knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And we shall be with Him.

*R. Baxter (1692).*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Schade.

233.

*Original.*—"Auf, hinauf zu Deiner Freude."

Rud. Ahle (1662).



1 RISE, my soul ! with joy and gladness  
Let thy grateful spirit glow ;  
Rise, away with grief and sadness,  
To thy Saviour onward go :  
He is thy life  
And thy portion—at His side  
Sure and safe thou shalt abide  
From this world's strife.

2 Forward, then, and upward speed thee,  
There where Jesus reigns on high ;  
With the light of faith to lead thee,  
Linger not, but onward fly :  
God is thy shield,  
And with His protecting arm  
To thy soul from every harm  
Will shelter yield.

3 Now thou art with Christ arisen,  
Seek those things that are above,  
Where at God's right hand He sitteth  
Ever on His throne of love.  
There is thy rest—  
Earth is fleeting fast away,  
Only there—in endless day  
Shalt thou be blest.

*K. Schade (+ 1698). Transl. by F. C. G.*



# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Wartburg.

234.

? Luther (1537).



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,<br/>And days are dark, and friends are few,<br/>On Him I lean, who not in vain<br/>Experienced every human pain :<br/>He sees my wants, allays my fears,<br/>And counts and treasures up my tears.</p> | <p>2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray<br/>From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;<br/>To flee the good I would pursue,<br/>Or do the sin I would not do ;<br/>Still He, who felt temptation's power,<br/>Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.</p> |
|--|---|

- 3 And oh ! when I have safely pass'd  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed !—for Thou hast died :—  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tears away !

*Sir R. Grant (1839).*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Jena.

235.

*Original.*—"Was Gott thut, das ist."

Gastorius (+1675).



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHAT God does, that is rightly done,<br/> All-wise His will remaineth,<br/> And all my cares are laid aside<br/> When He my cause maintaineth :<br/> My God and Lord,<br/> I trust His word,<br/> In quiet faith abiding,<br/> My all to Him confiding.</p>              | <p>3 What God does, that is rightly done ;<br/> Though bitter, to my thinking,<br/> The cup may be He bids me take,<br/> I feel no fear nor shrinking.<br/> Sweet comforts last<br/> When grief is past ;<br/> I shall in heavenly gladness<br/> Forget all earthly sadness.</p> |
| <p>2 What God does, that is rightly done ;<br/> My light and life for ever,<br/> In Him I trust, who evil things<br/> Shall give His servant never.<br/> Come joy, come woe,<br/> I soon shall know,<br/> By time the end revealing,<br/> How wise, how good His dealing.</p> | <p>4 What God does, that is rightly done ;<br/> This I maintain unshaken,<br/> Though storms and foes along my path<br/> May well my fears awaken.<br/> Whate'er befall,<br/> He helps through all ;<br/> I trust my Father's guiding,<br/> In His sure love confiding.</p>      |

*S. Rodigast (+1708).*

*Transl. by H. L. L.*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Tersteegen.

236.

*Original.*—"Erquickte mich, du Heil."



1 SAVIOUR of sinners, now revive us  
 With Thy free mercy from above ;  
 Friend of the sinful and the weary,  
 Turn unto us Thy heart of love !  
 O come, Thy sweet compassion showing,  
 On our poor souls Thy grace bestowing.

2 O Thou our only hope and helper,  
 The Wonderful is still Thy name,  
 Who comes to Thee in every sorrow  
 Shall ever find Thy love the same.  
 Thy grace and mercy never failing,  
 O'er every foe Thy might prevailing.

3 Thou knowest how poor mortals wander  
 In error's shade, deceived and blind ;  
 Come, Lord, and graciously enlighten  
 The darkness of our heart and mind.  
 Thy glory every truth revealing,  
 Which sin and Satan are concealing.

4 Father, our misery Thou knowest,  
 Our joy, our peace, our glory gone.  
 The message of Thy mercy send us,  
 The precious Gospel of Thy Son. [ing,  
 Then life shall change to peace and bless-  
 In Christ our Lord our good possessing.

*Tersteegen* (+1769).

*Transl. by H. L. L.*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Bremen.

237.

*Original.*—"Wer nur den lieben Gott,"

Neumark (1657).



1 HE, who the living Lord hath chosen,  
And rests on His almighty power,  
Shall be with confidence upholden  
In every dark and troubled hour.  
He who this mighty trust has found  
Builds on no sand or shifting ground.

2 What does our heavy care avail us,  
Turning our sorrow o'er and o'er?  
Or what avails it that each morning  
We should our weakness still deplore,  
Since every sigh, each faithless tear,  
Makes but our cross seem more severe?

3 But sing, and pray, and walk with gladness  
Within the way God points to you,  
And from above Heaven's richest blessing  
Shall come, and soon make all things new;  
For he whose trust is fix'd on high  
Shall find the Lord for ever nigh.

*Neumark (1621 + 1681).*

*Transl. by H. L. L.*

238.

*Original.*—"Was sprichst du, mich hat Gott verstossen."

- 1 SAY not, "I am of God forsaken,"  
When in the furnace thou art tried :  
Of joy alone have none partaken  
Who underneath His wing abide.  
Sweet change shall mark thy future day ;  
The future shall each sorrow stay.
- 2 With ease alike His hand fulfilleth  
Events to us or great or small :  
The pride of power and wealth He stilleth :  
The poor He raiseth high o'er all.  
Who, who may all His wonders trace ?  
He lifteth up, His hands abase.
- 3 With prayer and praise be still ascending  
The heavenly way ; be faithful found.  
Let faith be still thy steps attending,  
With blessing shall thy path be crown'd.  
Whoe'er doth God his refuge make,  
The Lord shall not his soul forsake.

*W. Meinhold (1830).  
Transl. by A. T. Russell.*

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Frankfort.

239.

? Ph. Nicolai (+ 1608).



## FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

- 1 How brightly shines the Morning Star  
In truth and mercy from afar,  
With radiance pure and holy !  
Thou Root of Jesse, David's Son,  
My Bridegroom and my King in one,  
My heart is now Thine solely !  
Fairest,—kindest,—  
Best and noblest, most exalted,  
Rich in blessing,—  
All of good Thyself possessing.
- 2 Almighty Source of light and love,  
Shine on my spirit from above,  
Draw me to blest communion ;  
So let this soul be ever Thine,  
A living branch join'd to the Vine,  
In holy, constant union.  
To Thee,—on Thee,  
Precious Saviour, hoping, waiting  
Bliss expected,  
Are my eyes and heart directed.
- 3 How blessed are those hours, how bright  
When of Thy smile I feel the light,  
Calm on Thy love relying !  
O Jesus, Thou my chiefest good,  
Thy Word and Spirit, flesh and blood,  
Are all my wants supplying.  
Take me,—keep me  
Ever near Thee, still rejoicing  
In salvation ;  
I obey Thine invitation.
- 4 Oh, blissful thought, my heavenly Friend  
Is the Beginning and the End,  
The First and Last for ever !  
Soon shall He call, and I shall come,  
Nor dread the portal to the home,  
Where death shall enter never.  
Amen—Amen !  
Come, Lord Jesus, now delay not,  
End this sadness,  
Turn my mourning into gladness !

*Ph. Nicolai (+ 1608). Transl. by H. L. L.*

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Bernburg.

240.

*Original.*—"Befehl du deine Wege."

Leo Hassler (+ 1612).





## FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

- 1 COMMIT thou every sorrow  
And care into His hand,  
Who holds all the resources  
Of heaven at His command.  
He who to wind and tempest  
And clouds a path can show,  
Will surely find His servant  
A way wherein to go.
- 2 On His sure love reposing,  
To duty go thou on ;  
On His high work confiding,  
So let thy work be done.  
What all thy toil so weary,  
And labour, seeks in vain,  
One prayer, the promise pleading,  
May without fail obtain.
- 3 Thy wisdom everlasting,  
Father, can surely tell  
What for Thy feeble children  
Is truly ill or well.  
And what Thy wisdom chooseth,  
Thy power can soon command,  
And o'er all man's devices  
Thy counsels firm shall stand.
- 4 Come, Lord, and make an ending  
Of all our wants and woe !  
Or strengthen more our weakness  
To combat every foe ;  
To walk by faith and patience  
Till pilgrim ways are past,—  
Then surely shall the journey  
Lead us to heaven at last.

*P. Gerhardt (+ 1676).  
Transl. by H. L. L.*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Württemberg.

241.

*Original.*—"Liebe, die du mich."



1 LORD, Thine image Thou hast lent me,  
In Thy never-fading love ;  
I was fallen, but Thou hast sent me  
Full redemption from above.  
Holy Lord ! I long to be  
Thine to all eternity.

2 Lord, Thou hast for me endured  
All the pains of death and hell ;  
Nay, Thy sufferings have procur'd  
Grace above what man can tell.  
Holy Lord ! I long to be  
Thine to all eternity.

3 Lord, Thou wilt for ever love me,  
And Thy truth to me reveal ;  
Lord, Thou wilt at length remove me  
Far above both death and hell.  
Holy Lord ! I long to be  
Thine to all eternity.

4 Lord, in mercy Thou wilt raise me  
From the grave of sin and dust ;  
Lord, I shall for ever praise Thee  
In Thy heaven, among the just.  
Holy Lord ! I long to be  
Thine to all eternity.

*Joh. Scheffler (+1677).*

*Transl. taken from "Church Militant."*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Halle.

242.

*Original.*—"Auf ihr Christen."

J. Neander (1610—1680).



1 RISE, ye children of salvation,  
All who cleave to Christ the Head ;  
Wake, arise ! O mighty nation,  
Ere the foe on Zion tread,—  
He draws nigh, to defy  
All the hosts of God most high.

2 Conquerors by the blood of Jesus,  
Fearless in our faith and prayer ;  
He from every terror frees us—  
Makes us strong to do and dare :  
In His cause is no loss,  
Victory is in His cross.

3 Therefore we will fight victorious  
By the blood of Christ our Lord ;—  
On our foreheads bright and glorious  
Shines the witness of His word.  
God is our shield and tower,  
Great in wisdom, love, and power.

J. Falckner (1723).

*Transl. taken from "Songs of Eternal Life," by E. F. B.*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Coblentz.

243.

*Original.*—"O mein Herz, gieb' dich."

Goudimel (1572).



1 O MY heart, be calm and patient,  
Why that sad despairing groan?  
What thy God for thee designeth  
Shall be certainly thine own.  
Nought can contradict His will,—  
Only wait and trust Him still,  
Go in peace where'er He sendeth,  
He beginneth all and endeth.

2 When in darkness he is shrouded,  
Sing His praises through the night,  
He is then for Thee preparing  
Joy unlook'd for, wondrous light;  
What though grief abound and care,  
Burdens seem too great to bear,—  
Lo! Himself appears beside thee,  
With His own right hand to guide thee.

3 Then farewell to fear and sadness!  
Work with joy, despond no more,  
Look for daily strength and blessing  
From thy Father's boundless store.  
And though labour seems in vain,  
Still in faith and prayer remain;  
Soon shall come a joyful morrow  
To the night of toil and sorrow.

*Victor Strauss (1850). Transl. by H. L. L.*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Scheffler.

244.

*Original.*—"Guter Hirte, willst du nicht."



- 1 WHILE on earth, dear Lord, we roam,  
Wilt Thou not in mercy hear us,  
In Thy arms convey us home,  
Ever in Thy bosom bear us?  
Bring us from the tumult here,  
Let us in Thy courts appear.
- 2 See how we have wander'd far,  
In the desert waste and dreary,  
Come, and be our guiding star  
To Thy fold, and keep us near Thee.  
Bring us to Thy sheep above,  
There rejoicing in Thy love.
- 3 As the shepherd guards his sheep  
In the lonely midnight hour,  
Us, dear Saviour, wilt Thou keep  
From our adversary's power.  
Then for ever let us rest  
Safe and tranquil on Thy breast.

*Joh. Scheffler (1624—1677).*

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Scholinus.

245.

Scholinus.



- 1 GOD is my strong salvation,  
What foe have I to fear ?  
In darkness and temptation  
My Light, my Help is near.
- 2 Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm to the fight I stand.  
What terror can confound me  
With God at my right hand ?
- 3 Place on the Lord reliance,  
My soul, with courage wait :  
His truth be thine affiance  
When faint and desolate.
- 4 His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase :  
His grace thy days shall lengthen ;  
The Lord will give thee peace.

*J. Montgomery (1803—1853).*

# FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Altona.

246.

*Original.*—"Weil ich Jesu Schäflein bin."



- 1 Jesus makes my heart rejoice,  
I'm His sheep and know His voice,  
He's my Shepherd, He will guide me,  
All my wants He will provide me ;  
Constant love to me He shows,  
My unworthy name He knows.
- 2 Guided gently day by day,  
With His staff for all my stay,  
He will feed me with the treasure  
Of His grace in richest measure.  
When athirst to Him I cry,  
Living water He'll supply.
- 3 My glad heart o'erflows with praise,  
For He leads me in His ways ;  
And when these blest days are ended,  
By His arm and strength defended,  
He will bear me home to heaven.  
Oh ! what joy has Jesus given !

## BAPTISM.

Edyfield.

247.

German.

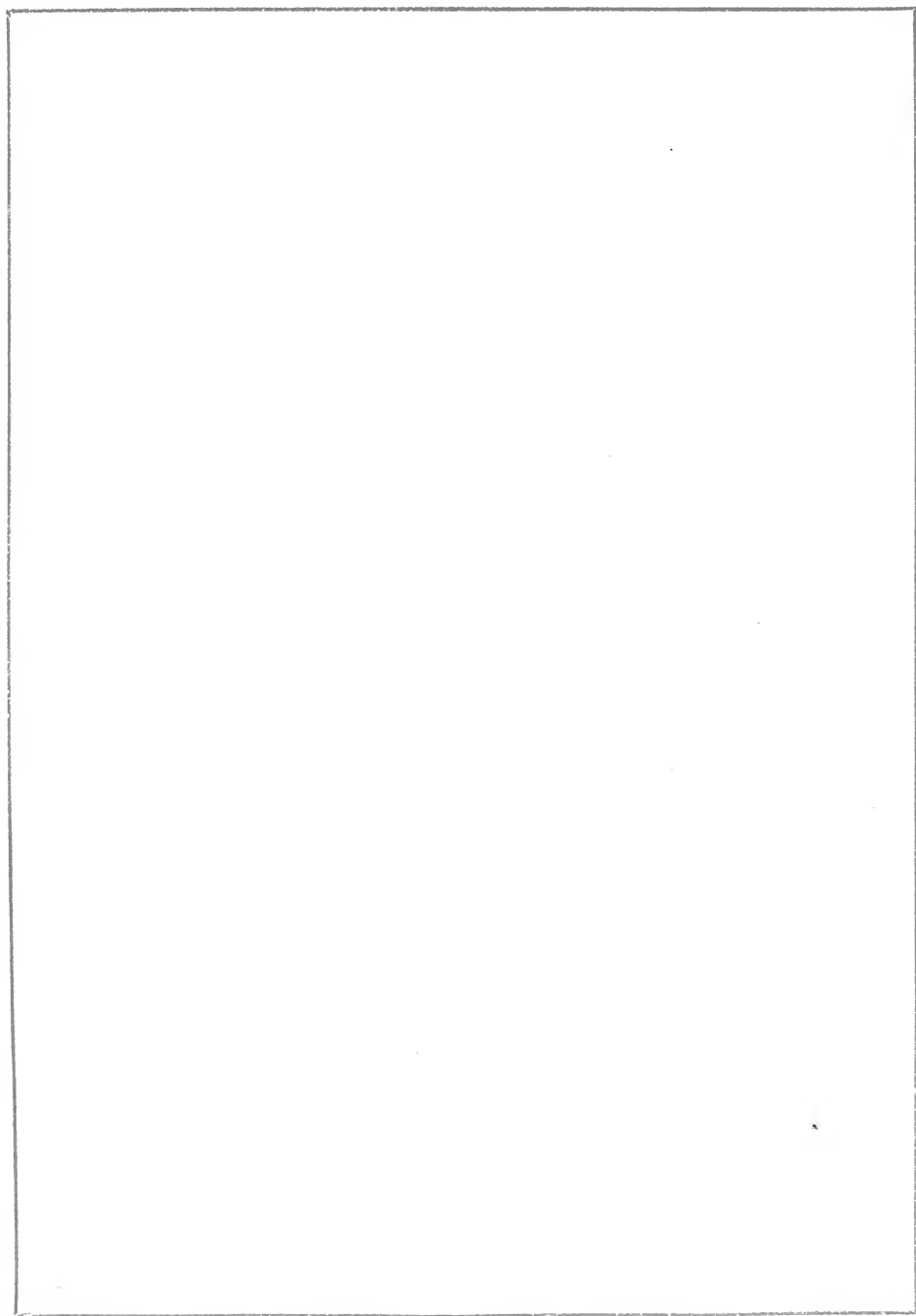


- 1 HEAVENLY Father, may Thy love  
Beam upon us from above ;  
Let this infant find a place  
In Thy covenant of grace.
- 2 Son of God, be with us here !  
Listen to our humble prayer !  
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt  
Cleans this child from nature's guilt.
- 3 Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry,  
Thou this infant sanctify !  
Thine Almighty power display,  
Seal *him* to redemption's day.
- 4 Great Jehovah ! Father, Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
May the blessing come from Thee,  
Thine shall all the glory be !



### III. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

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# BAPTISM.

Wertheim.\*

248.

Dr F. Layritz (1829).



- 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding  
With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs Thy bosom share :
- 2 Lord, these infants now receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;  
'There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey ;  
Let Thy tenderness so loving  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then within Thy fold eternal  
Let them find a resting-place ;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

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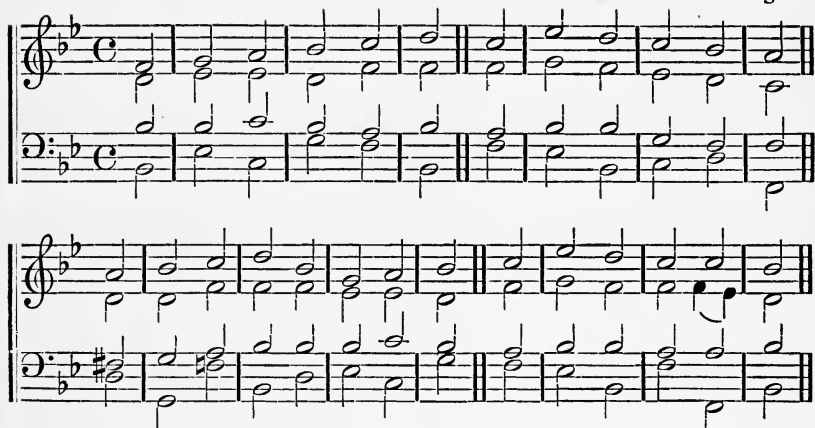
\* By permission from " Dr Maurice's Choral Harmony."

## BAPTISM.

St Jerome.\*

249.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



- 1 COME, lowly souls, that mourn,  
Depress'd with grief and shame,  
Wash in your Saviour's cleansing blood,  
And call upon His name.
- 2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts ;  
The blood which Jesus spilt,  
While we with water you baptize,  
Will wash away your guilt.
- 3 While with repenting tears  
Your sins you now deplore,  
Christ with His blood will blot them out,  
Remember them no more.
- 4 Ye who in Christ believe,  
And to His sceptre bow,  
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell  
What He hath done for you.
- 5 Ye with your Lord are risen ;  
Aspire to things above :  
Mansions for you He now prepares,  
In realms of light and love.

# CONFIRMATION.

Galway.

250.

Dr E. Miller (+1807).



- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestow'd  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God.
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made ;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove  
To rest upon my heart !

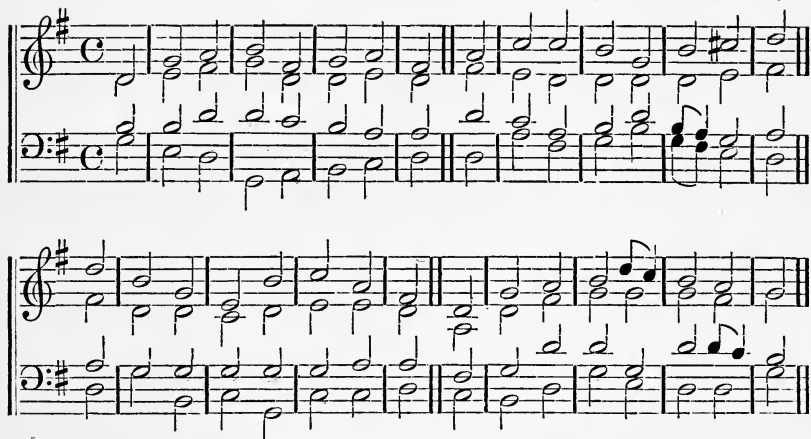
*Is. Watts (1709).*

## CONFIRMATION.

St Paul, or Bristol.

251.

J. Clarke (+ 1707).



- 1 OH for a beam of heavenly light  
To guide our wand'ring steps aright,  
And shine along the narrow road  
That leads the penitent to God !
- 2 Lord, we are weak and prone to stray ;  
O keep us in Thy holy way ;  
What nature wants, let grace supply ;  
And lead us onward to the sky.
- 3 On Thee depending, let us go  
In safety through this vale of woe ;  
And may Thy gracious presence cheer  
Our hearts in every trial here.
- 4 Thus, loving all Thy statutes, Lord,  
And ever trusting in Thy word,  
May we attain that happy shore,  
Where sin and grief disturb no more.

## CONFIRMATION.

252.

*Original.*—"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,  
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest ;  
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,  
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
- 2 O Comforter, to Thee we cry,  
Thou heavenly gift of God most High,  
Thou fount of life and fire of love,  
And sweet anointing from above.
- 3 Thy light to every sense impart,  
And shed Thy love in every heart ;  
The weakness of our flesh supply  
With strength and courage from on high.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, through Thee alone  
We know the Father and the Son ;  
Be this our never-changing creed,  
That Thou dost from them both proceed.
- 5 Praise we the Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit with them one :  
And may the Son on us bestow  
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

Melcombe.

253.

S. Webbe, born 1740.



- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ my God :  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

*Is. Watts (1709).*



HOLY COMMUNION.

254.

1 My God, and is Thy table spread ?  
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood ;  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 O let Thy table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,  
With hearts inflamed let all attend ;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end.

5 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,  
And bid our drooping graces live ;  
And more, that energy afford  
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

*P. Doddridge (1755).*

# HOLY COMMUNION.

Redhead.\*

255.

R. Redhead.



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy Law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;—  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;—  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

*A. M. Toplady (1776).*

\* Permission to print this tune has been purchased from Messrs Masters and Co.

## HOLY COMMUNION.

Lichfield.

256.

From Playford (1677).



- 1 O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel ;  
And thus, inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine altar kneel.
- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love ;  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heavenly food ;  
Our meat, the body of the Lord ;  
Our drink, His precious blood.
- 4 Thus may we all Thy words obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine ;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renew'd with strength divine !

Anon. (1836).

HOLY COMMUNION.

Rockingham.

257.

Dr Miller (+ 1807).



- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
Oh ! Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot ;  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
Oh ! Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
Oh ! Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—Thy love I own  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
Oh ! Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
Oh ! Lamb of God, I come, I come.

*Charlotte Elliott (1836).*

# HOLY COMMUNION.

Winkler.

258.

Moravian (1735).



- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
When before the Cross we fall,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
In His death who died for all.
- 2 Rest we here, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,  
Precious drops our souls bedewing,  
Plead and claim our peace with God.
- 3 Oh how blessed is the station,  
Low before His Cross to lie,  
While we see divine compassion  
Beaming from His pitying eye.
- 4 Oh ! that near the cross abiding,  
We may to the Saviour cleave,  
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,  
All for Him content to leave.
- 5 Lord, in holy adoration,  
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,  
Till we taste Thy whole salvation  
And unveil'd Thy glory see.

*Batty.*

# HOLY COMMUNION.

Barmen.

259.

*Original.*—"Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele."

Joh. Krüger (+ 1662).



1 SOUL, arise, dispel thy sadness,  
Hear the voice of hope and gladness ;  
Gloomy shades of sin forsaking,  
Come, where morning light is breaking.  
Hear the gracious invitation  
From the God of thy salvation,  
He, the God of heaven, presiding,  
For His sinful guest providing.

2 Oh ! my heart is longing, sighing,  
For this feast of Love's supplying !  
Longing that the bread of heaven  
To my fainting soul were given,—  
That my Lord were life bestowing  
From His cup of love o'erflowing,—  
Thirsting for a living union  
With Himself, in blest communion.

3 Help me, Lord, Thy goodness tasting,  
On the sacred symbols feasting,  
Not in vain Thy grace receiving,  
Not unworthy, unbelieving,  
But with lowly faith desiring,  
More and more Thy love admiring,—  
Till Thy welcome call is given  
To the marriage-feast in heaven !

*Joh. Franck (+ 1677). Transl. by H. L. L.*

HOLY COMMUNION.

260.

1 COME, ye lost and broken-hearted,  
All who have from God departed,  
Come, return, your guilt confessing,  
Come, implore your Father's blessing :  
Still in love and grace delighting,  
He is now your souls inviting ;  
Lo ! His Son He sends to bless you,  
Let no doubt nor fear oppress you.

2 Now your hearts no longer harden,  
Seek, whilst He forbearth, pardon ;  
Look upon the cross of Jesus,  
See Him suff'ring to release us :  
Us from endless wrath restoring,  
All His wounds for us imploring :  
Look and live, ye broken-hearted,  
All who have from God departed.

3 Now His table He prepareth,  
There His love the sinner shareth :  
There the wounds of sin He healeth,  
And Himself to faith revealeth ;  
There He life and strength reneweth,  
And with grace our souls endueth :  
Come, O come, ye broken-hearted,  
All who have from God departed.

*A. T. Russell.*

EMBER DAYS.

St Mark's.

261.

Goudimel (1565).



- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire !  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.
- 2 Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace :  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;  
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;  
That through the ages all along,  
Thy praise may wake in endless song.



EMBER DAYS.

262.

- 1 LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,  
And Thine ordained servants bless ;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple when they stand  
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand  
Let all the Church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness and meekness, from above,  
To bear Thy people on their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night on guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when their work is finish'd here,  
Let them in hope their charge resign :  
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
May they with crowns of glory shine.

# EMBER DAYS.

Hereford.

263.

Dr Boyce (1745).

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 LORD of the Church, we humbly pray<br/>         For those who guide us in Thy way,<br/>         And speak Thy Holy Word;<br/>         With love divine their hearts inspire,<br/>         And touch their lips with hallow'd fire,<br/>         And needful grace afford.</p> | <p>2 Help them to preach the truth of God;<br/>         Redemption through the Saviour's blood;<br/>         Nor let the Spirit cease<br/>         On all the Church His gifts to shower;<br/>         To them, a messenger of power;<br/>         To us, of life and peace.</p> |
|--|--|
- 3 So may they live to Thee alone;  
 Then hear the welcome word—"Well done!"  
 And take their crown above;  
 Enter into their Master's joy,  
 And all eternity employ  
 In praise and bliss and love.

# CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

Handel's 148th.

264.

Handel, c. 1742.

- 1 CHRIST is our corner-stone ;  
On Him alone we build ;  
With His true saints alone  
The courts of heaven are fill'd ;  
On His great love  
Our hopes we place  
Of present grace  
And joys above.
- 2 Oh then with hymns of praise  
These hallow'd courts shall ring ;  
Our voices we will raise  
The Lord of life to sing ;  
And thus proclaim  
In joyful song,  
Both loud and long,  
That glorious name.

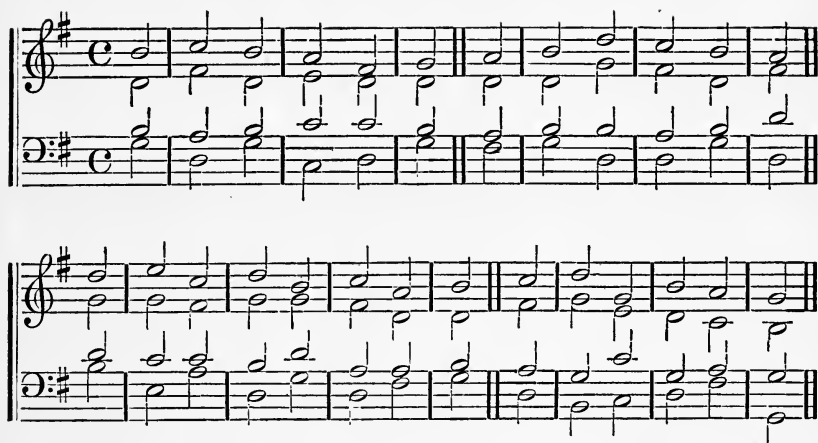
- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh ;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh ;  
In copious shower  
On all who pray  
Each holy day  
Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore ;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore ;  
Until that day,  
When all the blest  
To endless rest  
Are call'd away.

J. Chandler (1837).

# CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

York Minster.

265.



- 1 COME to Thy temple, Lord,  
Thy waiting Church to bless ;  
Let here Thy glory be adored,  
Give here Thy word success.
- 2 Our inmost hearts refine,  
And for Thyself prepare :  
Cast out all thoughts but thoughts divine,  
And reign triumphant there.
- 3 Thy servants, Lord, we are,  
Baptized into Thy name ;  
All hurtful things put from us far,  
All works of sin and shame.
- 4 Come to Thy temple, Lord,  
Thine own assembly bless ;  
That all may offer, with accord,  
Offerings of righteousness.

*H. Alford (1845).*

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A CHURCH.

St Catherine.

266.

Rt. Rev. Bp. Turton.



- 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay ;  
To Thee this temple, Lord, we build :  
Thy power and goodness here display,  
And be it with Thy presence fill'd.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place ;  
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive !
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,  
Still, by the power of His great name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Thy glory never hence depart ;  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;  
Thy kingdom come to every heart ;  
In every bosom fix Thy throne !

SCHOOLS.

St Stephen's.

267.

Rev. W. Jones (+1800).



- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy Word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

*Is. Watts (1709).*

## SCHOOLS.

268.

- 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand !  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.
- 2 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is joy, and peace, and love —  
How came those children there ?
- 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To wash away their sin ;  
Cleansed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean.
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name ;  
And now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.
- 5 And is that fountain flowing yet ?  
Blest Saviour, lead us there ;  
That we these happy ones may meet,  
And in their praises share !

# SCHOOLS.

Vienna.

269.

J. H. Knecht (1793).



- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing :  
Be our theme the Saviour's praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,  
Christ our Advocate was made ;  
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,  
Christ conducts us to our home.
- 4 Lord, obedient we would go,  
Leaving all we loved below ;  
Only Thou our leader be,  
Gladly we will follow Thee.

J. Cennick (1742).



SCHOOLS.

270.

- 1 God of mercy, throned on high,  
Listen from Thy lofty seat,  
Hear, oh, hear our feeble cry;  
Guide, oh, guide our wandering feet!
- 2 Young and erring travellers, we  
All our dangers do not know;  
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,  
Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesus, lover of the young,  
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;  
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,  
Save us, make us, keep us Thine.
- 4 When perplex'd in danger's snare,  
Thou alone our guide canst be;  
When oppress'd with woe and care,  
Whom have we to trust but Thee?
- 5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,  
Ask Thy counsel every day;  
Saints and angels will rejoice  
If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour  
Hope and love on every soul,—  
Hope, till time shall be no more!  
Love, while endless ages roll.

*Anon. (1841).*

# MISSIONS.

Helmstädt.

271.

Leonh. Schroeter (1587).



1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile—  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name !

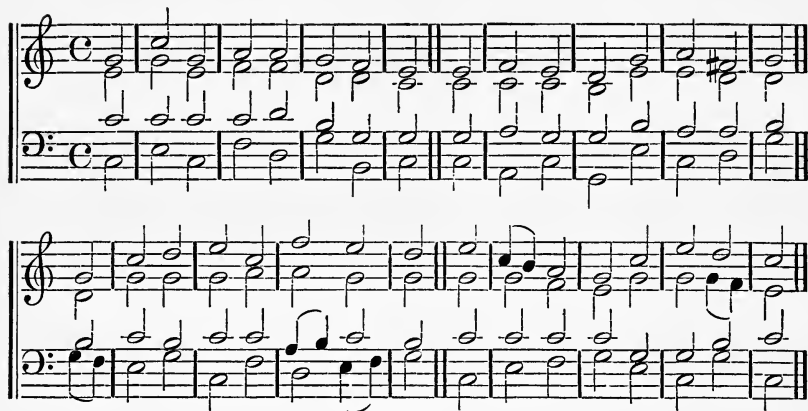
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

*Bp. Heber (1827).*

# MISSIONS.

## Winchester New.

272.



- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And princes throng to crown His head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

*Is. Watts (1719).*

MISSIONS.

Zittau.

273.

1668.



1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious day  
When all lands with praise shall own  
Thee ;  
When Thine Israël Thy sway  
Shall adore, and all enthrone Thee,  
King o'er all, our God and Lord,  
Holy, uncreated Word !

2 Let no more the night enfold  
Those whom Thine own blood re-  
deemèd :  
Let the world Thy light behold,  
As of old o'er earth it beamèd :  
O let all the earth again  
Hail Thy mild and peaceful reign.

3 Shed Thy gifts on all, we pray ;  
Gather round the cross the nations :  
May they find to Thee the way,  
Bring to Thee their supplications ;  
And for evermore in Thee  
Rest from wrath and error free.

*A. T. Russell.*

# MISSIONS.

Dresden.

274.



- 1 JESUS, immortal King, arise !  
Rise and assert Thy sway ;  
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,  
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,  
Till all Thy foes submit,  
And all the powers of hell resign  
Their trophies at Thy feet.
- 3 Send forth Thy word, and let it fly  
This spacious earth around,  
Till every soul beneath the sun  
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
May Jesus be adored !  
And earth, with all her millions, shout  
Hosannas to the Lord.

*G. Burder (1784).*

# MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

Scholinus.

275.

Scholinus.



- 1 OH that the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come ;  
To heal His ancient nation,  
To lead His outcasts home :
- 2 How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane ?  
Return, O Lord, in pity ;  
Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror ;  
Thy saving grace impart :  
Roll back the veil of error,  
Release the fetter'd heart :
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,  
Her lost Messiah see ;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

*H. F. Lyte (1833).*

# HARVEST.

Leicester.

276.



- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich Thy bounties are :  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine ;  
The plants in beauty grew :  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And mild refreshing dew !
- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine ;  
To Thee our songs we'll raise,  
And all created nature join  
In sweet harmonious praise.

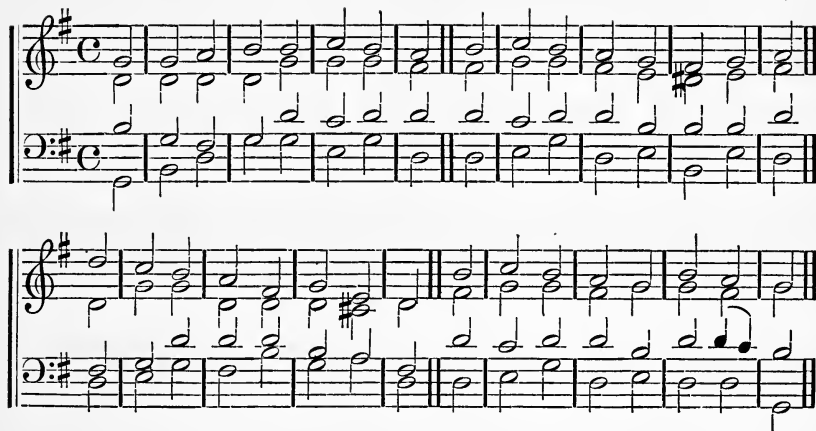
*A. Flowerdew (1811).*

# HARVEST.

St Mark's.

277.

Goudimel (1565).



1 OUR hearts and voices let us raise  
In songs of thankfulness and praise,  
Our heavenly Father's love to bless  
Which crowns the year with fruitfulness.

2 For what Thy bounteous hand imparts  
Give us the grace of thankful hearts ;  
Teach us our thankfulness to prove  
By hymns of praise and gifts of love.

3 'To Thee we pray, the harvest's Lord,  
Send forth the sowers of Thy Word,  
And may we speed them on the wings  
Of prayers and cheerful offerings.

4 Shine on us with Thy glorious face,  
Refresh us with Thy gifts of grace ;  
The gifts, which by the Holy Ghost  
Were shed from heaven at Pentecost.

5 Praise to our God and Father give,  
The source of love, in whom we live ;  
Praise to the Son and Spirit be,  
One only God and Persons three.

*Chr. Wordsworth.*

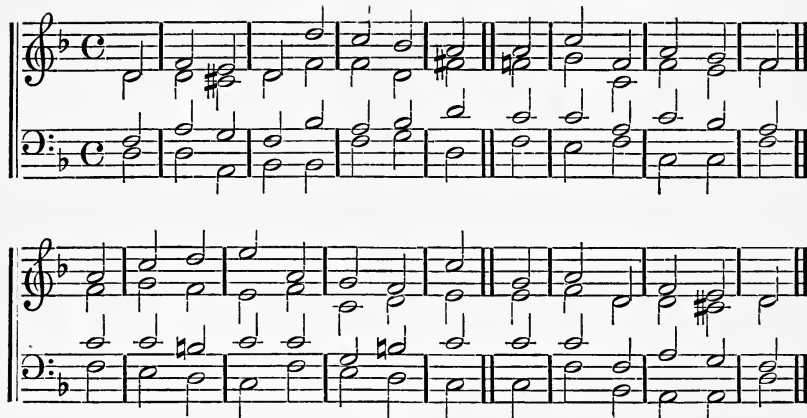


## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

St Mary's.

278.

From Playford's Psalter (1671).



- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to His arms.
- 2 The graves of all His saints He bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed :  
Where should the dying members rest  
But with the dying Head ?
- 3 Thence He arose, ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way ;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day.
- 4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound  
And bid our kindred rise :  
Awake, ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies !

*Is. Watts (1709).*

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Gotha.

279.

His R. H. Prince Albert (+ 1862).



- 1 HAPPY soul ! thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below ;  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go !
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo, the Saviour stands above,  
Shows the purchase of His merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
To His uttermost salvation,  
To His everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy He sets before thee  
Bear a momentary pain ;  
Die, to live the life of glory ;  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign !

*Ch. Wesley (1749).*

# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Heidelberg.

280.

*Original.*—"Geht nun hin und."

Joh. Krüger (+ 1662).



1 WEARY now of wandering here,  
In the quiet grave oh lay me;  
Far from earth I fain would fly,  
From my rest oh do not stay me.  
Hark! the angels from above  
Call me to their home of love.

2 Earth, O earth, then fare thee well,  
All thy hopes are vain and hollow,  
All thy pleasures fade and die,  
All thy joy it is but hollow;  
All thy beauty is but dross,  
All thy richest gain but loss.

3 Fare ye well then, friends beloved,  
Though ye now may weep in sadness,  
Comfort is there from above  
That can turn your grief to gladness.  
Dark and drear may be the night,  
But it fades in morning light.

4 Weep not, my Redeemer lives;  
Resting only on His merit,  
Upwards from the dust of earth  
Faith and hope have borne my spirit:  
And thus speaks Eternal Love,  
"Fear not, child of God above."

*Moritz Arndt, b. 1769, d. 1860.*

*Transl. by F. C. C.*

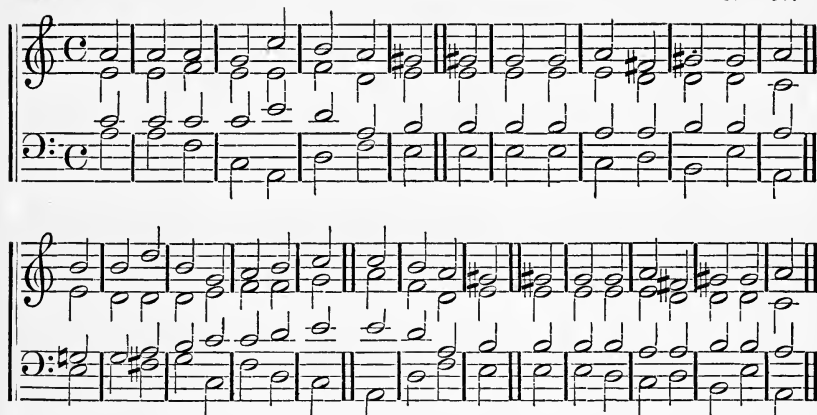
# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Pappus.

281.

*Original.*—"Ich hab' mein' Sach."

C. 1600.

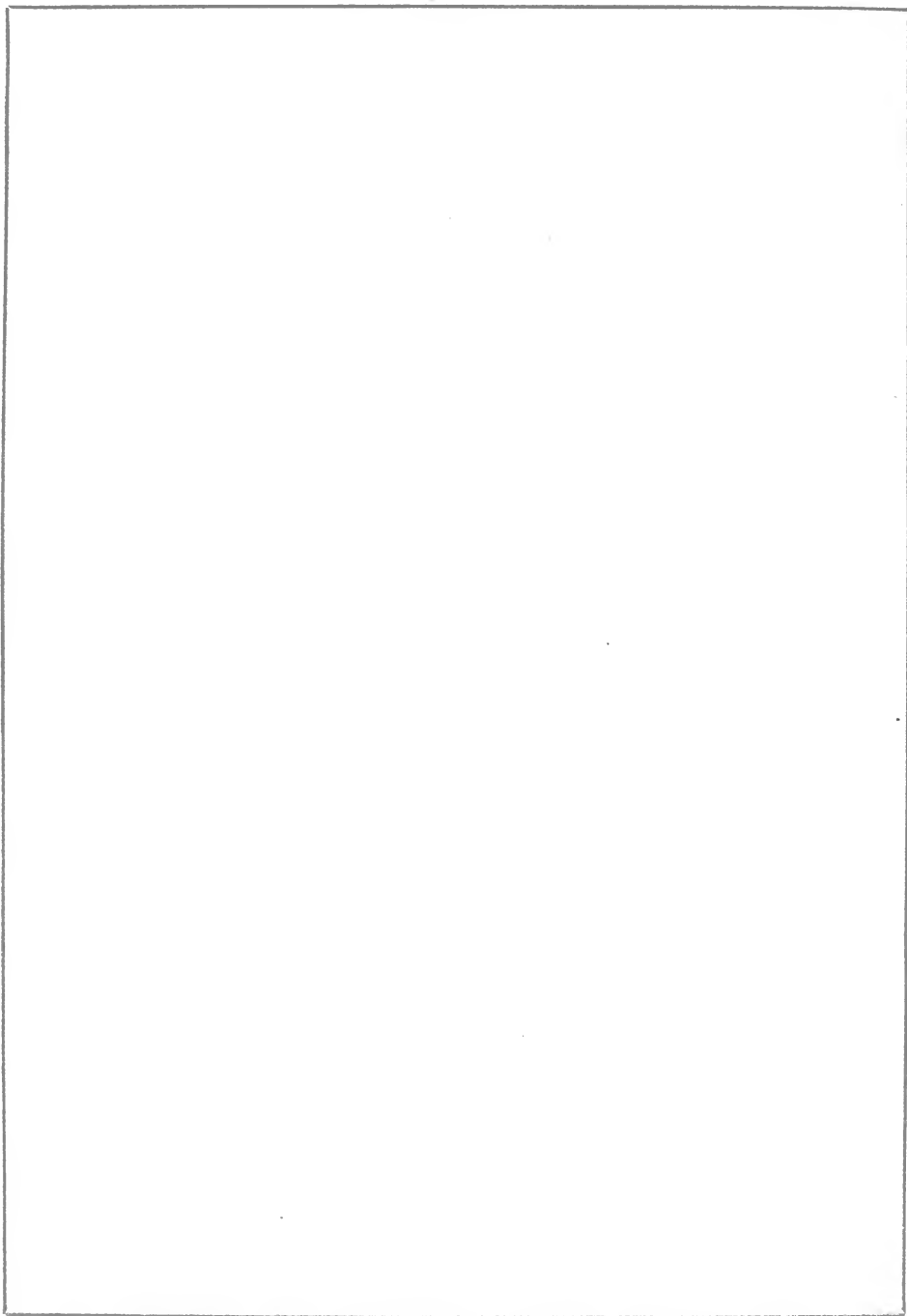


- 1 My all I to my God commend,  
Who all doth to His purpose bend ;  
My life resigning to His will,—  
Mine to lie still,  
Or His designs alone fulfil.
- 2 This earth is but a vale of tears,  
Where grief on every side appears :  
Sad hours of conflict, toil, and woe,  
Here ebb and flow,  
Till we are summon'd hence to go.
- 3 To-day with joy our heart beats high,  
To-morrow in the grave we lie :  
Though as the rose we bloom to-day,  
We soon decay,  
And sorrow everywhere hath sway.
- 4 Lord, may we meditate aright  
How soon we all must fade from sight,  
How swiftly from the earth we fly,  
All born to die,  
Wise, rich, young, old, the low and high.

*J. Pappus* (+1610). *Transl. by A. T. Russell.*

#### IV. CONCLUSION.

	NO.
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# THE LIFE TO COME.

Osnaburgh.

282.

Modern.



- 1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,  
When we reach the further shore,  
There's an end of war for ever—  
We shall see our foes no more.  
All our conflicts then shall cease,  
Follow'd by eternal peace.
- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant :  
Oh how sweet the prospect is !  
Though we toil and strive at present  
Let us not repine at this :  
Toil and pain and conflict past,  
All endear repose at last.
- 3 Oh that hope, how bright ! how glorious !  
'Tis His people's blest reward :  
In the Saviour's strength victorious,  
They at length behold their Lord.  
In His kingdom they shall rest,  
In His love be fully blest.

*Th. Kelly (1812—1836).*

THE LIFE TO COME.

French.

283.

G. Franck (1563).



- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair :  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
- 3 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear every thought above !
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
For Thy bright courts on high ;  
Then bid our spirits rise, and join  
The chorus of the sky !

*A. Steele (1760).*



THE LIFE TO COME.

284.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 But timorous mortals start, and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea ;  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

4 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes !

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

*Is. Watts (1731).*

# THE LIFE TO COME.

Heidelberg.

285.

*Original.*—"Jesus, meine Zuversicht."

Joh. Krüger (+ 1662).



1 CHRIST my Lord is all my hope,  
All my trust for free salvation;  
This I know, and this my heart  
Fills with peace and consolation,  
When the thought of death's long night  
Comes with dark and chill affright.

2 Jesus, my Redeemer lives,—  
I with Him shall live for ever.  
Nothing from my risen Lord  
This believing soul shall sever;  
Parting from a tender Head  
Need the weakest member dread?

3 Yes, my soul, believe, rejoice!  
Thou art His, whose love unfailing  
Never shall His own forsake,  
Over death itself prevailing,  
When the opening graves around  
Hear the judgment trumpet's sound.

4 Only now arise, and leave  
Earthly pomp and earthly pleasure;  
Let thy heart be ever found  
There, where rests its dearest treasure;  
Often now by faith and love  
Visiting thy home above.

*Luise Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg (+ 1667).*

*Transl. by H. L. L.*

286.

*Original.*—"Himmelan geht unsre Bahn."

- 1 HEAVENWARD our path still goes,  
Sojourners on earth we wander,  
Till we reach our blest repose  
In the land of promise yonder.  
Here we stay a pilgrim band,  
There must be our fatherland.
- 2 Heavenward ! Death's mighty hand  
Guides us there to joy and gladness,  
There, within that blessed land,  
Victors over pain and sadness.  
Christ Himself has gone before—  
Can we dread an unknown shore ?
- 3 Heavenward ! oh, heavenward !  
There shall be our lot and treasure—  
Let us strive our hearts to guard  
From each vain and worldly pleasure.  
Heavenward our thoughts must tend,  
Till in heaven our cares shall end.

*B. Schmolck (+1737).*

THE LIFE TO COME.

Christchurch.\*

287.

Dr Hayes (+ 1779).



\* By permission from Dr Maurice's "Choral Harmony."

## THE LIFE TO COME.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,  
    Who have obtain'd the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
    To joy celestial rise.  
Let saints below in concert sing  
    With those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our King  
    In heaven and earth are one.

2 One family, we dwell in Him ;  
    One Church, above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the dark  
    And narrow stream of death.  
One army of the living God,  
    To His command we bow ;  
Part of His host have cross'd the flood,  
    And part are crossing now.

3 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,  
    Like theirs with glory crown'd,  
And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
    To hear His trumpet sound.  
Oh ! that we now might grasp our guide !  
    Oh ! that the word were given !  
Come, Lord of hosts ! the waves divide,  
    And land us all in heaven !

*Ch. Wesley (1759).*

THE LIFE TO COME.

Jerusalem.

288.

*Original.*—"Jerusalem, du hochgebaute."

M. Franck, c. 1663.



## THE LIFE TO COME.

- 1 JERUSALEM, thou city built on high,  
    Oh that I were in thee !  
Strong with desire my soul doth upwards fly,  
    No longer rests in me.  
Far over vale and mountain,  
    Far over plain and field,  
My heart, to God ascending,  
    Itself to Him doth yield.
- 2 O glorious day, and yet more glorious hour,  
    When wilt thou shine for me ?  
When I, my God, sustainèd by Thy power,  
    Shall yield my soul to Thee :  
In death's last strife protected  
    By Thine all-shielding hand,  
By angel-guards directed  
    To yon celestial land.
- 3 And when at last I thither shall ascend  
    To that bright Paradise,  
The joy shall fill my heart, that knows no end ;  
    Praise from my lips shall rise,  
While saints their Hallelujahs  
    In glory there prolong,  
And raise their glad Hosannas  
    In everlasting song.

*Meyfart (+1642).*

*Transl. by A. T. Russell.*

# THE LIFE TO COME.

Dessau.

289.

*Original.*—"Christus, der ist mein Leben."

Vulpus, c. 1609.



- 1 To me to live is Jesus,  
To me to die is gain,  
To Him myself have given,  
Nor shall I hope in vain.
- 2 Onward I go rejoicing  
Till I to Him shall come,  
E'en Christ, my Lord and brother,  
To be with Him at home.
- 3 All anguish, need, and sorrow,  
Then overcome shall be,  
And through His holy suffering  
God reconciled to me.
- 4 When mind and strength are failing,  
My breath comes heavily,  
No word I more can utter,  
Lord! hear my sighs to Thee.
- 5 And in the dying hour,  
O let me cleave to Thee,  
Then wake with Thee in heaven,  
A spirit bless'd and free!

*Transl. from the German by F. C. G.*



# CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Nicæa.

290.



- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixèd seat forsake ;  
And, withering, from the vault of night  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same  
As once in lowly form He came,  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Go, sinners, to the rocks complain ;  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain :  
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy—" The Lord is come ! "

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Luther.

291.

Luther.



## CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

1 GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !

The end of things created !

The Judge of mankind doth appear,

On clouds of glory seated !

The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore

The dead which they contain'd before !

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,

At the last trumpet's sounding,

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,

With joy their Lord surrounding :

No gloomy fears their souls dismay,

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,

Behold His wrath prevailing ;

For they shall rise, and find their tears

And sighs are unavailing :

The day of grace is past and gone ;

Trembling they stand before the throne,

All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God ! what do I see and hear !

The end of things created !

The Judge of mankind doth appear,

On clouds of glory seated !

Low at His cross I view the day

When heaven and earth shall pass away,

And thus prepare to meet Him.

*Luther (1525).*

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Handel's 148th.

292.

Handel, c. 1742.



## CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

1 REJOICE ! the Lord is King !  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice !  
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice !  
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice !  
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

4 Rejoice in glorious hope !  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home :  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

*Ch. Wesley (1745).*

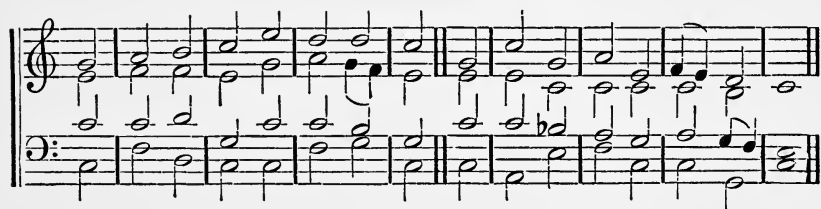
# CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Herrnhut.

293.

*Original.*—"Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme."

? Ph. Nicolai (1599).



## CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

1 WAKE, awake, for night is flying,  
The watchmen on the heights are crying,  
Awake, Jerusalem, at last !  
Midnight hears the welcome voices,  
And at the thrilling cry rejoices :  
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past !  
The Bridegroom comes, awake,  
Your lamps with gladness take ,  
Hallelujah !  
And for His marriage feast prepare,  
For ye must go to meet Him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,  
And all her heart with joy is springing,  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom ;  
For her Lord comes down all glorious,  
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,  
Her Star is risen, her Light is come !  
Ah come, Thou blessed Lord,  
O Jesus, Son of God,  
Hallelujah !  
We follow till the halls we see  
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,  
And men and angels sing before Thee,  
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone ;  
Of one pearl each shining portal,  
Where we are with the choir immortal  
Of angels round the dazzling throne ;  
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear  
Hath yet attain'd to hear  
What there is ours,  
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee  
Our hymn of joy eternally.

*Ph. Nicolai (+ 1608).*

*Transl. taken from " Lyra Germanica " (by permission).*

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

St Theodulph.

294.

Melchior Teschner, c. 1600.





## CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
See, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing ;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing, and all-blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
His great best name of Love.

*James Montgomery (1822).*

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Cassel.

295.

87.87.87-



## CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

1 DAY of judgment ! day of wonders !

Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round !  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine !

You who long for His appearing  
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own us in that day for Thine !

3 At His call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
All the powers of nature shaken

By His looks prepare to flee :  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee ?

4 But to those who have confessed,  
Loved and served the Lord below,  
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,  
See the kingdom I bestow !

You for ever  
Shall my love and glory know."

*J. Newton (1777).*

# CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Württemberg.

296.



1 HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices  
 Sound the note of praise above !  
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;  
 Jesus reigns the God of love.  
 See, He sits on yonder throne ;  
 Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Well may angels bright and glorious  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
 While on earth He proved victorious,  
 Now He bears a matchless name.  
 Well may angels sing of Him,  
 Heaven supplies no richer theme.

3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises  
 With the angels round His throne !  
 Soon we hope our Lord will raise us  
 To the place where He is gone.  
 Meet it is that we should sing,  
 Glory, glory to our King !

4 Sing how Jesus came from heaven,  
 How He bore the cross below ;  
 How all power to Him is given ;  
 How He reigns in glory now.  
 'Tis a great and endless theme :  
 Oh 'tis sweet to sing of Him !

*Th. Kelly (1812—1836).*

# CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

La Trobe.

297.

C. J. La Trobe, c. 1795.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 HARK, the trump of God is heard,<br/>And the archangel's voice on high ;<br/>Yea, the Lord Himself descends<br/>With a shout that rends the sky ;<br/>Lo, the bars of death are burst,<br/>See, the dead in Christ rise first.</p> <p>2 His blest people, still on earth,<br/>In a moment changed, arise,<br/>And with them, in clouds caught up,<br/>Meet their Saviour in the skies ;<br/>Fears and doubts are far removed,<br/>Him they see whom here they loved.</p> | <p>3 See this transient, mortal life<br/>Swallow'd up eternally :<br/>Death, O death, where is thy sting ?<br/>Where, O grave, thy victory ?<br/>Thanks to God, thro' Christ we have<br/>Vict'ry over death and grave.</p> <p>4 Now all tears are wiped away ;<br/>Free from guilt, and fear, and pain,<br/>All His ransom'd saints with Him<br/>Kings and priests for ever reign :<br/>Henceforth His unbounded grace<br/>Is their theme of endless praise.</p> <p>5 In the hope of all this joy,<br/>Brethren, let us still be found<br/>Steadfast in the faith of Christ ;<br/>May we all in love abound,<br/>Till we shall, when time is o'er,<br/>Live with Him for evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

# CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT.

Durham.

298.

Dr Croft (+ 1727).



- 1 THE Lord shall come in dead of night,  
When all is stillness round ;  
How happy they whose lamps are bright,  
Who hail the trumpet's sound !
- 2 How blind and deaf the world appears !  
How deep her slumbers are !  
Still dreaming that the day she fears  
Is distant and afar !
- 3 Who spends his day in holy toil,  
His talent used aright,  
That he may haste, with heavenly spoil,  
To meet his Lord that night ?
- 4 Wake up, my heart and soul, anew,  
Let sleep no moment claim ;  
But hourly watch, as if ye knew  
This night the Master came.
- 5 The Lord shall come in dead of night,  
When all is stillness round ;  
How happy they whose lamps are bright,  
Who hail the trumpet's sound !

Zinzendorf, 1705 (+ 1760).

Translation taken from "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

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